

# CHATELAIN

CEMBER 10



Q. Will Pierrot love me?

A. You're very pretty.

Q. But will Pierrot love me?

A. We truthfully can't say—until you smile.



Q. Tell me! How can a girl help her smile?

A. Start with Ipana and Massage today.

A PIERRETTE costume — powder and beauty patch and alluring ruff — how it sets the stage for romance.

But no costume, however fascinating, can help a dull, dreary, distressing smile. Gone is romance, if a girl's smile has lost its sparkle, if it shows tragic evidence of "pink tooth brush" neglected.

**Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"**

"Pink tooth brush" may not be serious. But when you see it — see your dentist. Probably he'll say your gums need extra work because today's soft, creamy foods

have robbed them of vigorous chewing. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "daily stimulation with Ipana and massage."

Ipana is especially designed to do two things — to keep teeth sparkingly bright and, with massage, to help firm your gums. Every time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That pleasant "tang" tells you circulation is speeding up in the gum tissues, helping gums to a healthier firmness.

Teeth gain sparkle, smiles are brighter when gums are firmer, healthier. Do the sensible, practical thing—get Ipana today.



**IPANA TOOTH PASTE**



# Arrangement for more attractive living

No home *has* to have flowers. And no home *has* to have ice-cold "Coca-Cola." But most homes—big and small—have both. And for the same reason... because both add to the sum of attractive living. Ice-cold "Coca-Cola" has the refreshing gift of fitting any surroundings. Pure and wholesome, its life, sparkle and zestful taste make "Coca-Cola" one of those pleasant things that no home should be without. Buy it in the handy six-bottle carton from your dealer.



Size of book  
7" x 9"

## NEW! VOLUME 2

Send for this Entirely New Book

This new and larger 1941 edition of "Flower Arranging" by Laura Lee Burroughs contains *new* pictures, *new* material, 48 new, beautiful photographic colour reproductions of flower arrangements, with designs, descriptions and many suggestions. Send your name and address (clearly printed) with ten cents in coin or stamps (to cover cost of handling and mailing) to The Coca-Cola Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario, Dept. CH.



THE COCA-COLA COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

*Banana Blossoms*,—one of a series of arrangements illustrated and diagramed in the book offered on this page.

Frosty coldness brings out the life and sparkle of "Coca-Cola." Have the bottles ice-cold—pre-cooled in the refrigerator... and serve arranged in ice. Your guests can open them and drink right from the bottle, if they wish. Remember, you can get "Coca-Cola" in the handy six-bottle carton from your dealer.



The  
Six-Bottle Carton



## Men: Take a Christmas Hint from Rosalind Russell



"The other day I was talking about Christmas gifts to lovely, talented Rosalind Russell, star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's hit, 'Design for Scandal,'" says Conrad Nagel, director of 1847 Rogers Bros.' famous "Silver Theatre" of radio.★

"She had this to say to all males who are anxious to please at Christmas:

"If a man wants to give someone *special* a gift that will thrill her on Christmas morning . . . a gift she'll always have and

always love . . . give her silverware! And make it the *finest* silverplate money can buy . . . 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate."

"She'll adore any one of the 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns. They're all so gorgeous, Conrad!"

"You can take Miss Russell's word for it, men. Give her silverplate with the proud year-mark "1847" . . . and you won't go wrong! And you're in for a pleasant surprise when you discover how truly moderate 1847 Rogers Bros.' prices are."

Three well-known and well-loved Patterns

### 1847 ROGERS BROS.

CANADA'S FINEST SILVERPLATE

Now—which is your choice? Here are three of the loveliest patterns ever created in fine silverplate. Both "Adoration" and "First Love" are floral designs and in each case the centre ornament is more highly raised and more deeply etched than was ever before possible in silverplate. "Lovelace" is a pierced pattern with a beautiful orange blossom motif. See them at your 1847 Rogers Bros. dealer's in the new chests, the "Corvette", the "Monitor",

and the "Service". There are special services for eight in the "Corvette" at \$49.75, \$59.75, and \$69.75, and starting sets for six as low as \$34.75. You'll find a complete service that will meet your own needs and suit your particular budget. Look for the year-mark "1847" on every piece—symbol of Canada's finest silverplate, made by the International Silver Company of Canada Limited at Hamilton, Ont.

★ TUNE IN EVERY SUNDAY—Leading stars of screen and stage in "THE SILVER THEATRE". 7 P.M., E.D.S.T., 6 P.M., C.D.S.T., 5 P.M., M.D.S.T., 4 P.M., P.D.S.T. Coast-to-coast C.B.C. and Columbia networks.





**NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS**



The two drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.



**AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF A COLD OR SORE THROAT—**

# Listerine-Quick!

*Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on the throat surfaces to kill "secondary invaders". . . the very types of germs that make a cold more troublesome.*

This prompt and frequent use of full strength Listerine Antiseptic may keep a cold from getting serious, or head it off entirely . . . at the same time relieving throat irritation when due to a cold.

Its value as a precaution against colds and sore throats has been demonstrated by some of the sanest, most impressive research work ever attempted in connection with cold prevention and treatment.

**Ten Years of Research**

Actual tests conducted on employees in several industrial plants during a ten year period of research revealed this astonishing truth: That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and milder colds than non-users, and fewer sore throats.

This impressive record is explained, we believe, by Listerine Antiseptic's germ-killing action . . . its ability to kill the

"secondary invaders"—the very types of germs that live in the mouth and throat and are largely responsible, many authorities say, for the bothersome aspects of a cold.

When you gargle with Listerine Antiseptic, the cool amber liquid reaches way back on throat surfaces and kills millions of the "secondary invaders" on those areas—not all of them, mind you, but so many that any major invasion of the delicate membrane may be halted and infection thereby checked.

**Tests Showed Outstanding Germ Reductions on Tissue Surfaces**

Even 15 minutes after Listerine Antiseptic gargle, tests have shown bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%. Up to 80% an hour afterward.

In view of this evidence, don't you think it's a sensible precaution against colds to gargle with Listerine systematically twice a day and oftener when you feel a cold getting started?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY  
(Canada) Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

MADE IN CANADA



**THE GREEN HORNET** See your local newspaper for time and station

## How to Buy Toys

**England and Canada Fill Christmas Stockings in the Face of All Wartime Difficulties**

*By Edwina Mumford*

"WHERE ARE we going to get toys?" That's what a lot of parents and god-parents and toy buyers were asking away back last December when the first list of restricted imports from the United States and other countries appeared in the papers—and toys were among them. But there's nothing to worry about now.

In spite of the complete cessation of supplies from many former toy-making countries, and inevitable wartime restrictions in Canada, Canadian children will still have a Merry Christmas, because their stockings will bulge with toys of Canadian and British manufacture. The choice may not be so wide as on other Christmases. Certain toys such as tea sets, mechanical toys and trains will have to be shopped for early. But a host of well-made and interesting toys are available. In sacrificing variety, we have largely rid ourselves of the cheap and shoddy toys, of toys that appeal at first glance and then break or cease to interest. Perhaps the grownups will not have so much fun winding up flashy little mechanical gadgets, but children of all ages can be given toys that will interest them long after Christmas Day.

For the small baby, England sends soft cuddly dolls and animals, rubber water toys and squeak toys. Canada furnishes a set of gaily colored velveteen birds to hang over the crib, well out of reach, to attract the baby's interest and help him to focus his eyes. A good variety of stuffed toys is made in this country and some wooden beads and rattles, as well.

A host of pull toys is on hand for the child beginning to walk—the educational kind that can be taken apart and fitted together, little carts full of blocks, noisy animals that ring bells as the wheels turn, and a cage full of beads that make a pleasant roar when the toy is pulled. When children are firmly on their feet, they will want things to push; the same bead cage that roars so enchantingly for the small baby, now turns up as a push toy with a wooden handle.

Two-year-olds like the elementary housekeeping materials, and there is a good Canadian supply of mops, brooms, ironing boards and telephones. At two one is old enough for kiddie cars and small doll carriages and hobby horses. The urge for fleets of very small cars and airplanes begins at this age.

The three-year-old will be interested in garages and cars, small boats, four or five-piece wooden puzzles, and bubble sets. A good big blackboard and a painting easel, with two or three jars of bright paint and a good long brush, will give him scope to express himself. He would like a kindergarten set, a rocking chair or a sled, and a little wooden clock that could be hung low on his wall—all toys now being produced in this country.

Construction blocks come into use at three and are probably the best single-

play material a child can have—he needs plenty of them from the time he's a year old until he's seven or eight.

The simple construction toys come into use at four years. Wooden sticks and wheels or little rubber bricks are put together at first for manipulative pleasure only, but they grow in interest as the child grows older and is able to achieve more elaborate constructions. Toy soldiers, too, begin to take on importance at this age.

More elaborate housekeeping toys are needed by four-year-old girls—washing sets, pastry sets, dolls to dress as well as to hug (rubber ones are popular and practical). Doll's suitcases, trunks and furniture and a good doll's carriage are useful.

At four, boys want to look like the soldiers and airmen they see about them, so suits are made to fill just this need. If you're buying for a "young cowboy," guns and holsters are still available.

Five is the important age between childhood and school—a period when all the old favorite toys are put to more complicated and imaginative uses. All forms of playing house are in vogue, and equipment for this is necessary. Simple games like ring toss and fish pond, and even parchesi with a little adult help, are fun. Cut-out books, paint books and "stick-ems" are still coming over the border, and there is a good selection of these that would be acceptable to five-year-olds. At five, boys are usually beginning to collect the tiny scaled models of mechanized armies, so anything you can add to these collections will be heartily appreciated. A set of big wooden letters to trace and learn will be of interest to both boys and girls, and a hammer and nail set can be profitably introduced at this age. Out-of-doors, a scooter will be popular and roller skates and ice skates begin to be used now.

When children enter school, much of their time and interest is taken up with school friends and activity. From six to eight, children are passing their time sociably and they want games—simple old maid games, board games and throwing games, bows and arrows and rubber suction darts, toy golf sticks, tennis rackets and sleds.

This is a period when parts can be profitably added to sets already in use—extra rubber bricks, more soldiers and airplanes, a Mountie suit to go with the soldier suit, more plasticine and paints and, of course, while they last, more and more parts for the electric and mechanical train sets.

After the eighth birthday, many children, especially boys, lay the foundation for years of future satisfaction through hobbies. A stamp album with a generous supply of foreign stamps may arouse an interest in faraway places, a box of modelling clay will start busy fingers working along creative lines. Miniature airplanes, metal casting sets for soldiers, Morse code outfits, are immensely popular at this period. ■

**SEE THE CHART FOR TOY BUYING ON PAGE 48**

# Chatelaine for DECEMBER



By JESSIE SCOTT

**C**HRISTMAS STARTED early in this place. A man was hanging wreaths on the heavy bronze entrance doors when Mrs. Walter Kennery, at mid-morning, went up the broad shallow steps of Horton Memorial Hospital for Children. Her little girl was a patient there.

An elderly news vendor, high-collared against the cold, said, "Paper, lady?" but she didn't hear him. She had not looked at a headline for days. Worlds could totter, plunge, and struggle up again: what was it to Marcia Kennery? What possible news could there be today, except that Daphne was better?

The clutching fear that had lurked three days ago in these wide light corridors was dispersing, and uppermost now in the young mother's mind was not that other question, that question full of dread, but the simple query: Can we take her home for Christmas?

For Daphne was six, and to disappoint Daphne seemed unbearable. What would happen if Walter and Marcia were disappointed at Christmas was another problem, though Christmas had had a tremendous build-up, this year, for reasons. Thoughts of it had been a refuge, to Marcia, from too many things which simply didn't bear thinking about. For instance, Walter, had he really changed in his manner to her, or did she imagine it?

Marcia Kennery was a slight woman, kept thin by the nervous tension which prevented her from being as pretty as she should have been. Her eyes, wide and brown beneath clear-cut brows, loomed out too wistfully from her small face. She looked frightened. She was frightened.

"Oh, good morning, Mrs. Kennery!" This was the hospital's superintendent, Miss Elliott, waiting beside the elevator, a tall woman in linen crisp and white as letter paper, grey-haired and with steadily cheerful quiet grey eyes. "Your little girl is better this morning."

"Yes, isn't it wonderful?" Mrs. Kennery, having

talked to the special nurse when she went off night duty, knew it already, but it was good to have the news confirmed by no less authority than the superintendent. Horton Memorial was not a very large hospital, and Daphne was the patient of Dr. Baldwin, chief of the staff. It seemed only right that the superintendent should know all about Daphne.

It had taken, as Mrs. Kennery was aware, a special order from Dr. Baldwin for her to be permitted to spend most of the day in her child's room. Horton Memorial had strict visiting rules, because it got the relief cases. If your child was a public case, with a bed in a ward—or even a public case ill enough to be put in a separate room—you could only come in visiting hours, twice a week. The same rule held if, from economy or other motives, a private case were put in a ward.

With the slightly smug assurance that comes from special permission, Marcia Kennery said, "Four, please," and stepped out of the elevator. She heard, as she turned down the corridor, the floor supervisor explaining to a nurse, "—Dr. Baldwin's private patient," and it did her good to think that if there were privileges to be had, Daphne should have them. A private room, of course; a special at night, and her mother with her in the daytime, so that the little girl need not be lonely or frightened—Marcia was glad she and Walter could arrange to shield Daphne, like this, from life's harsher experiences.

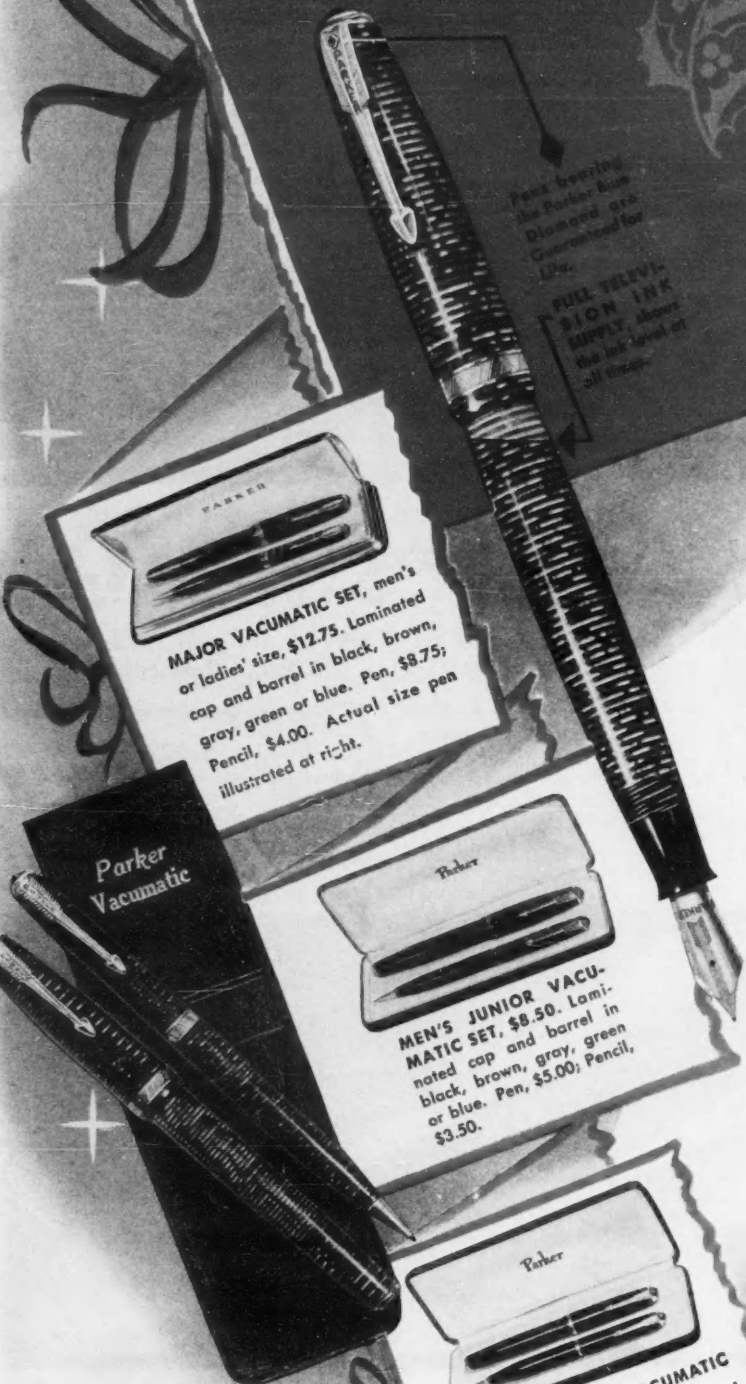
Without special interest Mrs. Kennery's glance passed an object like a huge horizontal water-boiler, in a boys' ward at the end of the hall. She knew it was an "iron lung," but she did not bother to wonder what child depended on it for the breath of life. On her way to Daphne's room, 407, she passed 401, which still bore its large sign, "Positively No Admittance."

ACROSS FROM Daphne's door was a four-bed ward, with glass in the upper half of the wall for the con-





# Make it a MERRY CHRISTMAS with a Parker



**MAJOR VACUMATIC SET**, men's or ladies' size, \$12.75. Laminated cap and barrel in black, brown, gray, green or blue. Pen, \$8.75; Pencil, \$4.00. Actual size pen illustrated at right.

**MEN'S JUNIOR VACUMATIC SET**, \$8.50. Laminated cap and barrel in black, brown, gray, green or blue. Pen, \$5.00; Pencil, \$3.50.

**LADIES' (SUB-DES) VACUMATIC SET**, \$8.50. Laminated cap and barrel in black, brown, gray, green or blue. Pen, \$5.00; Pencil, \$3.50.

**PARKER ACTIVE SERVICE SET**, Major Vacuumatic Pen and Pencil to match in leather case, \$12.75. Other Active Service Sets from \$5.00 to \$8.50.



**IMPERIAL VACUMATIC SET**, \$19.75. Gold-filled cap with laminated barrel in black or brown. Pen, \$13.75; Pencil, \$6.00. Ladies' Set, \$17.75—Pen, \$12.75; Pencil, \$5.00.

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Got a friend in the Services this Christmas? The Parker Active Service Set makes a swell gift... it conforms to all regulations, and fits snugly in the uniform pocket.

Or how about a handsome desk set for that office or home desk? There's a wide choice in wonderful desk sets by Parker.

See these Parker gifts at any good pen counter.

THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN CO. LIMITED, TORONTO, ONTARIO.



**DESK SET MODEL ES**, black marble base, size 5 1/4" x 9 1/2", with two pens, \$30.



**DESK SET MODEL DG**, green onyx base, size 4" x 5", with one pen, \$10.

**Parker**  
VACUMATIC  
PENS AND PENCILS

♦ Pens marked with the Blue Diamond are guaranteed for life against everything except loss or intentional damage, subject to a charge of 35¢ for postage, insurance and handling, provided complete pen is returned for service.

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GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

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Jack Keay sketched these toys as they were lifted from a crate labelled. "Especially designed for the export trade, and shipped to you in a British ship, under the protection of the British flag." Some of the toys are Canadian made.

venience of passing nurses, and Mrs. Kennerly's attention was drawn to the four little girls in this ward, because, just as she had her hand on Daphne's door, they began to sing. They were a little off-key, but jolly; it was an old Christmas song. Daphne knew it.

*"Away in a manger  
No crib for His bed,  
The little Lord Jesus  
Laid down His sweet head—"*

In a hurry, Mrs. Kennerly pressed the door shut. Those children ought not to be allowed to make so much noise. She didn't want Daphne to start thinking about Christmas, maybe worrying about getting home. Let her parents do all the worrying.

Daphne, however, propped rather high, and wearing, still, the pneumonia jacket under the funny little flannel hospital shirt, did not seem troubled about anything.

"They have the funniest baths in this hospital, Mummy," she exclaimed. "One toe at a time, in a doll's bathtub! I told the nurse I never did see anything so 'dulous, never!" She enjoyed long words; for her age she was a grown-up little thing, as bright delicate children often are.

Undoubtedly she was better, though the bluish pallor showed how ill she had recently been. Her hair, fine and soft and nearly blond, had been combed, but the blue ribbon that matched the solemn eyes wasn't tied the right way. Mrs. Kennerly found the brush.

Daphne was a miniature, feminine version of her father, who was a big quiet determined man; that this frail and tiny daughter should so resemble him was a joke between Walter and Marcia. And they used to plan for the little brother who should be dark like the mother. But not lately; but scarcely at all, these last few years.

"Oh!" Daphne announced, tilting her head, "there comes the doctor." She had already got the different hospital sounds sorted out. Low-toned concise voices accompanied a Here-I-come masculine step, and that was Dr. Baldwin on his morning rounds, with an interne cushion-treading after him and the supervisor of this floor swishing starched linen after that.

Dr. Baldwin, little frosty mustache, eyes wise and kind and merry, hands expert and humane, was one of those doctors whose special gift and quality it is to be both loved and obeyed. Daphne adored him. Now, when he took out his stethoscope to go over her chest, she

played it was a phone, and he played the game too.

Mrs. Kennerly followed him out into the corridor. "Christmas?" he said. "Well, let's see; this is Monday, that's three days off. Let's wait a day or two to decide."

She couldn't argue. The illness had been too serious, a collapsed lung caused by an obstruction left, they thought, by one of Daphne's bronchial attacks earlier in the cold weather. To clear the lung, a bronchoscopy had been performed, and they didn't dare use an anaesthetic. It had been a bad ordeal for Daphne, but perhaps a worse for her parents.

Not that they had been allowed in the surgery. They waited outside, and Marcia dug her sharp bright fashionable nails into her palms, while Walter pushed his knuckles into his forehead. Could it have been as bad as this for Walter while Daphne was being born? Marcia thought it couldn't. After all, she had been a grown woman, going through a thing she'd undertaken of her own free will, and this was a little child who didn't know why she had to suffer.

If it had been even half so bad as this for Walter while she was in the delivery room, he ought to be glad they'd decided not to have any more children. This was the thought Marcia added to a high and neatly folded pile of thoughts put away on the shelves of her mind. Hidden at the bottom of the pile was the knowledge that Walter longed for a son, would like, in fact, to have several children. She used to feel like that, too. Before she lost her nerve, before she knew the world held such hazards for the child she already had.

Too sensible, now, to argue with the doctor, she adjusted her cheerful self-control like a wrap about the shoulders, and went back to Daphne, taking with her the sound of singing from the ward across the hall. It was "Jingle Bells," this time.

DAPHNE WAS up on her elbow, listening. "They're having fun," she stated. "They've been singing Christmas songs 'most all morning. It is nearly Christmas, isn't it, Mummy?"

Mrs. Kennerly laid the thin little yielding fingers against her cheek in their favorite caress. "Shall I read 'Racketty Packetty House'?" she offered. But the story turned out to be all about a doll house, so maybe it was a mistake. A doll house had been chief among Daphne's wishes for this Christmas.

"A 'normous doll house, Mummy, with a kitchen and bathroom and garage like really houses. And a lot of

dolls to live in it, a great big family, and not just one little girl like me, without any sisters and brothers."

The doll house waited now, with the other Christmas toys, in the spare-room closet, and in it was a large unmodern family of doll-children, four boys and four girls. Ever since Daphne had gone to kindergarten, she'd talked continually about brothers and sisters. But Walter and Marcia had had their last talk on the subject.

*Oh, Walter, how can we, with the world in such a state, the future so doubtful—how could we invite another little helpless child into such a mess? When Daphne needs all our care, all the courage we've got. Marcia, you're wrong! Daphne will have all the courage she needs, if you'll let her; and the world's been in a bad way before this, but the human race didn't stop. It's the people like us who ought to have more children. A son—*

It was at this point that Marcia did not, according to her own standards, play fair. For she said what made Walter think she dreaded having another baby, on her own account. It was not true. But when she made him think that, he stopped talking about it. Though you never altogether knew what he was thinking.

When Daphne's supper tray was brought, Marcia left, driving carefully down the long hill from hospital heights to pick up Walter at his office. Downtown shop windows were garish with Christmas; another year she would have thought them gay. Gay, in fact, they had seemed when, earlier in December, she had spent happy hours skimming the cream of the toy departments for Daphne's Christmas. If there had been a son, too, Walter would have helped her shop, but men don't know much about dolls. Sometimes—she knew it—Walter got crowded out of her relationship with Daphne.

Parking to wait for him, Marcia watched the window shoppers as they pulled and pointed. A twanging of chords was the Salvation Army, beginning to sing, "Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are," and Marcia thought, "What, indeed?" as Walter climbed in to take the wheel.

Hilya, the Finnish girl who had been with them since before Daphne was born, had bought some reasonably nice holly wreaths from a man who came to the door. But the Christmas tree, though ordered, hadn't yet been delivered, and Marcia hadn't so far had the heart to get out the boxes of ornaments.

Next day, the twenty-third, brought a smell of snow in the wind. Though no flakes fell, the great soft hanging clouds looked

Continued on page 34





"A heck of a Christmas story," moaned the artist — "a sick child and a hospital!" But we still think it's one of the nicest stories we've ever published!



There were fabulous toys awaiting her at home. But Dupree didn't want to leave the hospital.





Beside Rose Blanchard, Mary knew that the best she could hope for her own face was that it might be called frank and pleasant.

What would you do, Rose asked, if your husband fell in love with another woman? And Mary said carefully, "I don't know what I'd do. How does anyone know until it happens? The best you can hope is that your feelings will let you act in a manner that won't make your mind squirm."

That was a mouthful. She turned the page of a magazine that lay on the table beside her. People were always giving Mary their confidences. And she didn't like it. When she felt them coming, she shrank. Don't tell me, don't tell me, she always wanted to say. But of course, she didn't. And of course, they always did.

Then they wanted advice, and she tried to advise them, and what the heck did she know about anything? Advising them and hating herself for the smug, smug, feeling that said, thank heavens, such things didn't happen in her marriage. She and Phil just went on being satisfied with each other; it wasn't very exciting, probably, but Mary didn't need excitement. She had Phil and Teddy. What the heck did she know about any of these things people asked her about? Oh, just come to Mary, she thought, and she'll tell you what to do about anything: she's never been in an earthquake, but she'll tell you how to act in one.

Rose set her cup down on its saucer with a little click and moved forward in her chair.

Here it comes. Oh, Rose, don't tell me. I always thought Mark was one of the swellest guys in the universe. And he waited so long before he married; and he snapped you up so quickly when he met you; don't tell me that in one year . . .

"But what would you do?" Rose asked.

"Why, get out, I guess," Mary said. "What could I do? Let's not talk about it."

"But I want to talk about it," Rose said. "What would you do?"

Good heavens, was there gossip about Phil? Mary looked at Rose then, half-smiling at the thought. Phil seen lunching with his stenographer perhaps, and Rose rushing to tell Mary about it. Her smile turned the corners of her mouth down a little, and she said lightly, "Why, it would depend on the circumstances."

"Well," Rose said directly, almost belligerently. "The circumstances are these: your husband's in love with me."

MARY DROPPED a square of sugar in her tea and, taking up her spoon, stirred it lightly, lightly, watching it dissolve. She knew when she laid the spoon again on the saucer and drew her hand away from it, she would have to say something. She felt as if she were an actress who had forgotten her lines. There was the whole theatre waiting, and when she brought her hand away from the spoon she would have to say something. But what?

"How do you know?" she said.

"How do I know?" Rose groaned. "How do I know! Mary, we've been in love for two months."

"Is this a joke, Rose? Because it's not awfully funny."

Rose said, "Would I joke about it?" And her eyes were dark and intense and dramatic. "Oh, I wish it were a joke, Mary. I wish it were. But it isn't."

Mary picked up her cup, turning it, turning it, in her two hands. It's so fragile, she thought; so very, very delicate. The window was reflected in the amber liquid, and she turned the cup carefully, watching that barred silver square. This can happen, she thought, and you don't think anything. You don't feel anything. Except a chill on your arms. And your hands get cold. That's all it does to you.

## ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH ILIGAN

"She wanted to hurt you," Phil said.  
"That's what finished the whole thing."  
Believe me, Mary, it's all over."

"Phil was going to tell you tonight," Rose said, "but I wanted to tell you myself."

Mary turned the cup slowly. "Were you afraid he wouldn't?"

"No, of course not. He wanted to tell you right at the start. But I couldn't face it. Oh, I feel awful about it, Mary. I'm so sorry."

Are you? Mary thought. Are you, really? And how will it help if you are?

"We've been such swell friends, Mary. I can't bear to break up our friendship. It was something we couldn't help. It was just—" She spread her hands and the diamond flashed, the emerald gleamed. "Remember the night we went to the island? That was when we knew."

The night they went to the island. There was a full moon, and they built a fire on the beach. Rose and Phil walked along the water's edge, and Mary and Mark sat by the fire and talked. What did we talk about while Rose and Phil talked of love? We talked about books, about the war, about the cute things Teddy was learning to do. Mamma bragging about her bright son, while Papa's off saying some bright things of his own.

"What about Mark? Have you told him?"

"Last night. But he knew."

Did you know it that night by the fire, Mark? When we talked so calmly about books? Did you—Mary's curved hands tightened suddenly on the cup. It's so fragile . . . so very, very delicate . . . and if I clenched my hands suddenly now, I could crush it. She could imagine the feel of the sharp fragments against her palms, and for a moment she let her hands tighten, tighten; then her fingers relaxed and moved to set the cup down. It seemed at the moment the most important thing in the world to get the cup back on its saucer without making a sound. Slowly, carefully, she brought it to rest, but for all her care there was a perceptible click. And at the sound she could feel Rose relaxing, moving back in her chair as if now she could make herself more comfortable.

"Say something, Mary," Rose said, but now her voice wasn't dramatic and tense, but silken and smooth and rather affected. "Say you hate me, if you do. But don't just look like that."

Mary lifted her eyes then and looked at Rose, at the vivid face, the warm soft mouth. "I don't hate you," she said. "How could I hate you for being beautiful. You couldn't be anything else. But you should have let Phil tell me. I had that coming to me. The right to hear it from him."

"Oh," Rose said, "but I—"

Mary stood up. "Come and ask me tomorrow what I'd do if my husband fell in love with another woman. Maybe I'll be able to tell you then."

THE THING to do, Mary thought, is not to do anything too quickly. Don't jump on Phil the minute he steps in the door. Take your time. Let him take his time. And, oh, Mary, don't say anything you'll be sorry for. Be calm and think twice—think a thousand times—before you say anything. Walk, don't run, to the nearest exit. And be sure it is the nearest exit you want. Maybe it isn't.

At her dressing table she brushed her smooth light hair until it gleamed . . . A little extra care, Mary; a little extra care. Aren't ■ Continued on page 45



Christmas  
IDEA



Kay Murphy says: "Awhile back I wrote about giving something frivolous, this Christmas. Hope you followed my advice, where possible. If you haven't any fancy paper to wrap the present up in — and the wrapping is important, methinks — take any sort of a box you have in the house — candy, shoe or what-have-you. Cut wedges of leftovers from your sewing, V's of this and that, and glue all over in higgledy-piggledy manner. It doesn't take long — and if you could see them on Fifth Avenue they would carry the proud and expensive name of 'Crazy Quilt Gift Boxes.'"



# The Hills May Shift

By CONSTANCE BESTOR

**W**HAT WOULD you do," Rose asked, "if your husband fell in love with another woman?" Mary Grey lifted the teapot, and the thin cups darkened as the golden liquid filled them. She didn't look at Rose, and she kept all expression carefully off her face, out of her eyes.

Women were always asking questions like that. Let a dull moment creep into a conversation and out the question popped. And sometimes there was a sad and aching look in the eyes which they turned quickly from yours, as if the question they put so casually, so lightly, in the second person, was really a cry for help:

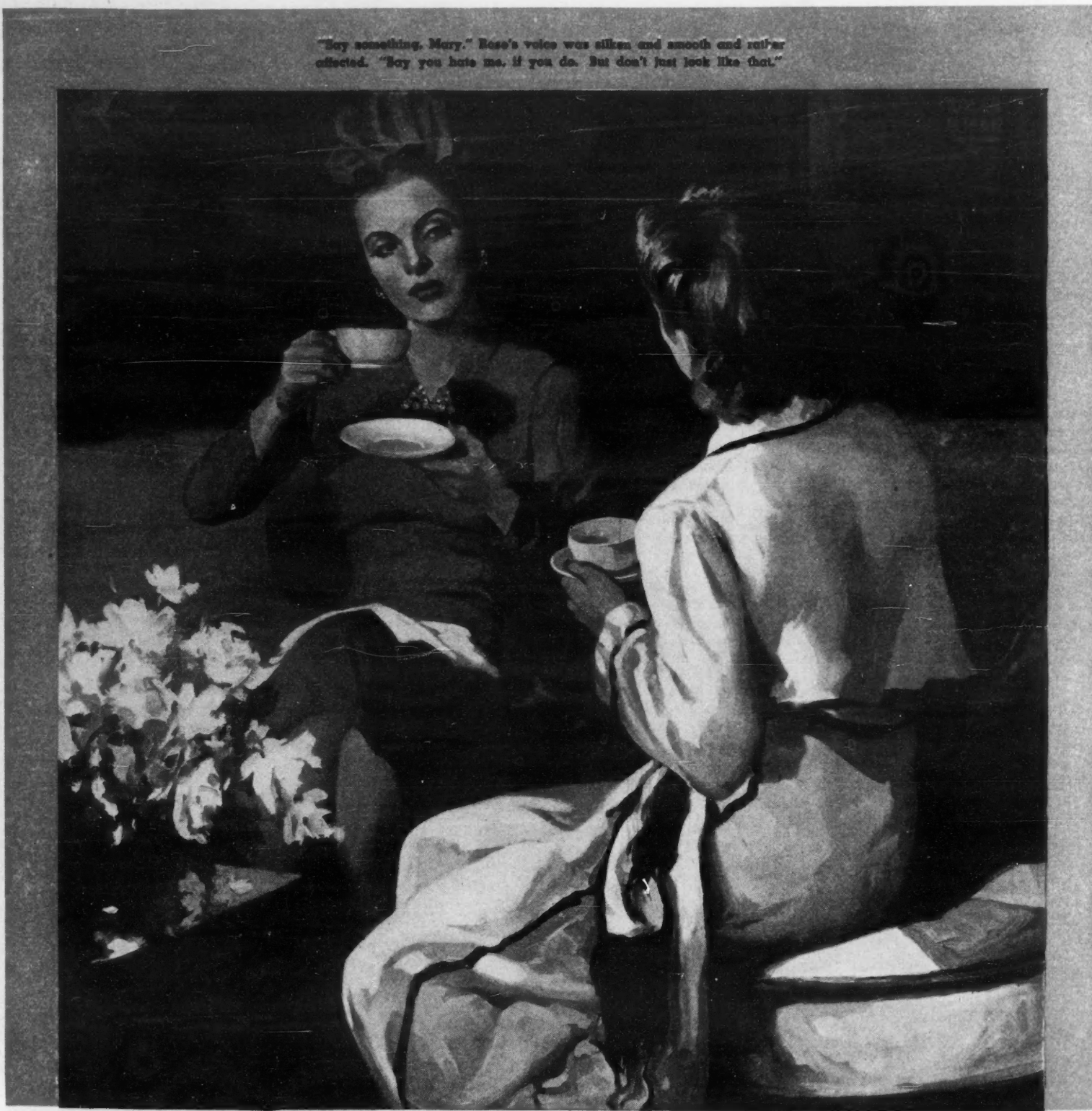
Oh, Mary, what shall I do? And sometimes the eyes were sly, curious, prying, waiting; hoping this marriage that seemed so perfect was not what it appeared, hoping Phil Grey, who was so devoted, was only acting a part. And sometimes the eyes held a look of hunger: for life, after all, hit the peaks only seldom, and sometimes even tragedy was hoped for.

But Rose—Rose Blanchard had only been married a year. And Rose was a beauty, as anyone with that name ought to be. Rose was a glamour girl and, looking at her, you knew for whom the perfume and the negligees in the best shops were intended. Workers, with

furs and satins and jewels in hand, had her in mind.

Her dress was of the simplest cut: merely cloth over Rose's curves, which gave it the loveliest lines to be had. Her black hair was piled in curls high over the white forehead, was brought down low in back on the slim neck. Her eyes were as black as their lashes, and she must have learned in the cradle how to use them. Now, out of the simple act of lifting a teacup, her hands made a dramatic gesture: the small diamond Mark Blanchard had given her flashed, and the large emerald her father had given her gleamed, when her hands moved.

"Say something, Mary." Rose's voice was silken and smooth and rather affected. "Say you hate me, if you do. But don't just look like that."



**F**OLLOW your friends on a window-shopping tour, look over their shoulders as they try to balance their budget, or listen in while they talk about the cost of living, and you'll find it's practical, useful gifts which they will appreciate this Christmas.

Blessed be they who give a hamper—great or small—filled to the brim with delicious food. It's a super sort of present for lots of people on your list—the boys in the Navy, Air Force and Army, your married sister with a young family and not too much to come and go on, your brother and his wife struggling to stretch their salary cheque, Uncle Bob and Aunt Em retired and living on their income, the business girl in her own apartment, your neighbor down the street, who was kindness itself when little Peter had the measles, and a lot of other friends and relations. To say nothing of the poor whom we have always with us.

Fine idea from the standpoint of the giver too, for you have to keep your own budget under control, and you can make such gifts as generous or as inexpensive as you please. Who wouldn't get a grand surprise to find an assortment of food staples in their Christmas box? Who wouldn't love a pudding or a pie or a box of candy that's made in the kitchen of the giver and designed to melt in the mouth of the recipient?

You can make your gift a joint affair from one family to another, with something specially chosen for each member. You'll have a good time selecting just the right thing, and they'll have a lot of fun in sharing it. We have packed and photographed one such hamper, just to show you how handsome it can look and to prove how nice it would be to get one. First of all, we went looking for a basket and liked this brilliant graceful one as soon as we set eyes on it—the very thing to hold a lot of packages and come in mighty useful afterward. Then we made out our list, wrapped our packages in gay paper, stuck them with stickers, tied big bows and packed our hamper full of scrumptious flavor. Here it is—to make a merry Christmas and carry over the holiday spirit into the new year.

Everyone likes to give—or to get—a gift with some thought and originality about it. Hampers can have both, if you fill them according to your friends' pet likes and think up a "different" way of presenting them.

Here are a few ideas:

**For a family-to-family gift**—Our hamper has coffee for Uncle James, who always passes back for a third cup, pork and beans and a bottle of ketchup for young Douglas, mustard pickles and sandwich spread for 'teen-age Sally, cocoa for Grandpa, who likes his "toddy" before going to bed, a box of easy-to-eat, good-to-taste candy for Grandma's sweet tooth, canned goods—lobster, soups, green peas, and so on—homemade jams and jellies, and a Christmas cake for the whole family.

**For a business girl**—Give her good home cooking and other things she can attack with a can opener, packed in a decorative basket to hold her knitting or mending afterward. Contents might be bottles of sauces, pickles and "coke," two cans of soup (favorite varieties), package of cookies, can of pressed cooked ham roll, two jars of jam or and one of jelly.

**For a sailor, airman or soldier**—Nothing in the world, except a letter, pleases them quite so much as a box of "eats" arriving from home. They love fruit cake, two-crust mincemeat pies, cookies, macaroons, rocks or other favorites, mints, fudge and other candy, date bread, jam or conserve, prepared cocoa and other good things for between-meal snacks.

**For your neighbor**—Cookie sheet with shortbread or cookies cut in Christmas shapes or decorated with Christmas motifs. Spread Cellophane over all and fasten with Christmas seals.

**For a homemaking friend**—Choose a salad bowl and fill with the makings of a salad or the dressing. Containers of mayonnaise, French dressing, mustard, vinegar, salad oil, ketchup, a can of lobster, a jar of pickled beets, a dozen eggs, or anything else in the salad line.

**For a needy family**—You could send a bang-up Christmas dinner: tomato juice and a box of crisp biscuits, chicken, tenderloin or a roast of beef, turnip or cauliflower, green peas, potatoes, cranberry jelly, a jar of pickles, mince pie, tea, cream, sugar and cinnamon stick candy.

**Individual gifts**—for almost anyone. Box of chocolates or homemade candy, fruit cake in an oven glass dish tied up with Cellophane and decorated with a ribbon bow, Christmas pudding, in its own dish or turned out on a plate, a Christmas pie in its pie plate, a dozen rolls or tarts or doughnuts, a cherry-topped bran loaf, a jar of jam or some other specialties.



The full-color photograph on the opposite page shows the Christmas gift basket for the whole family. Above is the salad bowl gift for the homemaking friend; the box of "eats" for the soldier or sailor; and the hamper of home cooking for the girl who lives alone and likes it.

by Helen G. Campbell





**F**rom **O**ur **H**ouse to **Y**ours ...



er Him

For Their Home

**VERSES BY NORMAN SAMPSON**

Consider now the "slavish male,"  
Tall or short—tanned or pale,  
Quiet, boisterous, cold or "clannish,"  
"Ladies' man" or "outdoor mannish,"  
Here are gifts that meet his type,  
Besides the annual tie or pipe.

Shirts to feed his soul romantic,  
Rest robes, for his moods pedantic,  
Cute radios for his end-table,  
Ties to make him feel like "Gable,"  
Sportsmen jackets, travelling bags,

Cameras, wrist watches and "fags,"  
For soldier, student, artist, "sheik,"  
You'll find here, the gift you seek.

Now let festive fancy roam,  
Around these gifts to grace their home,  
For lordly givers, silver "waiters,"  
Smart stoves or refrigerators,  
Which though made for utility,  
Are always good for screams of glee.

Or how about a handsome clock?  
A toaster gives a pleasant shock.  
Some tasteful china? *Objets d'Art*?  
Or maybe something for the car.

You'll find them all, *sans* fuss or strain,  
If you'll study *Chatelaine*!





# Festival of Gifts



For Her



Behold, displayed for your attention,  
These gifts—each one worth special  
mention,  
Observe too, closely, if you will,  
The charm and beauty, taste and skill,  
And finally, take careful note,  
They *all* say "Christmas" (end of quote!).

For "she" who looms large in your life,  
As mother, daughter, girl friend, wife,  
Lingerie—a dream of beauty,  
"Nighties," slips, both gay and "snooty,"



For

DRAWINGS BY MARGARET FAX

And to cover dainty toes,  
This year's most priceless treasure—hose!

Gifts of charm, both small and large,  
Eve's most glamorous camouflage,  
Perfume—powder, toileware,  
Gay settings for her beauty fair,  
Jewels to make her pulses sing,  
That gift of gifts, a diamond ring.

Forget the weary search this year,  
You'll find the perfect answer here.

For further details of the gifts see page 50.



"Yes, that's the one —  
Cream of Mushroom!"

**WIFE:** "I'm glad you asked for Cream of Mushroom again. It's the kind I was going to suggest, myself. You know, we seem to be having it more often all the time!"

Comments like these are heard in many homes nowadays. And Campbell's Cream of Mushroom is joining the old favorites on kitchen shelves everywhere. Women find it so delicious, so nourishing, that it fits well into family meals—yet it is such a "different" sort of soup that they often choose it for special occasions when company comes.

It's natural that people should take to it so quickly! Campbell's Cream of Mushroom is *made* of good things—fresh, sweet, *extra-thick* cream and young Canadian hothouse mushrooms, skillfully cooked and delicately seasoned. Its aroma, alone, tempts your appetite! Rare mushroom flavor makes every creamy spoonful a delight—and there are tender mushroom slices all through!

Have you been missing this new treat? Then put on your next shopping list—

*Campbell's*  
**CREAM of MUSHROOM**



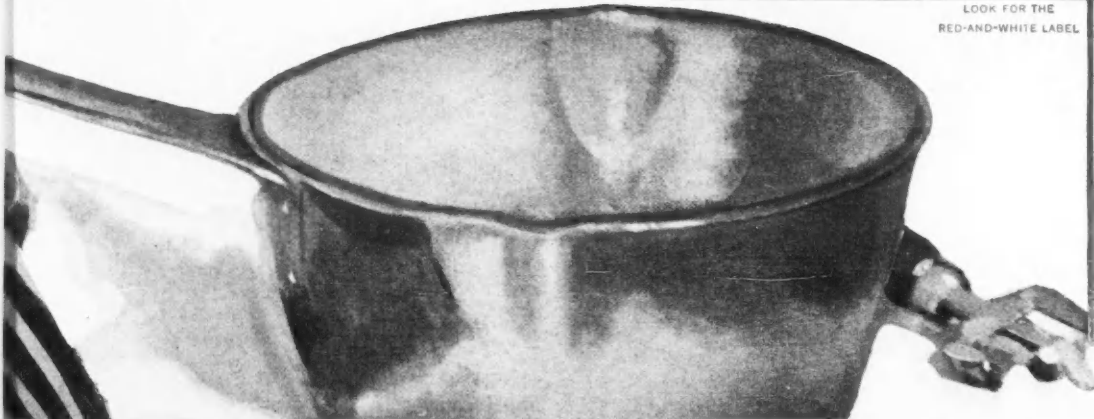
With Campbell's Soup  
To help my aim,  
I'm sure to bag  
A lot of game!

LOOK FOR THE  
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

**CHICKEN À LA KING**

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup | 1 egg yolk, beaten                               |
| ½ cup top milk or light cream           | 3 tablespoons pimiento, cut in strips            |
| 1 cup diced chicken                     | 3 tablespoons cooked green pepper, cut in strips |

Empty Campbell's Cream of Mushroom into saucepan. Stir well. Add milk or cream, and heat. Add chicken and egg yolk. Mix in pimiento and cooked green pepper. (The peppers may be cooked in boiling salt water or sautéed in butter.) Heat, but do not boil. Serve on toast or in patty shells. Serves 4 to 5.







"To wish you the best Christmas in the world this year — a Canadian Christmas, and new hope for the new year."

—Carolyn Damon

## How to Wear the New Jewellery

**D**O YOU know any girl who stands in front of her mirror, putting on jewellery and taking it off again because she can't decide whether it's "right" with what she's wearing?

Or one who goes starkly unadorned all the time because she thinks she isn't the type for ornaments?

Or the other kind, the walking jewellery store, who's loaded down with everything but the crown jewels (and she can't get replicas of them)?

If you do, I wish you'd tell them about the new costume jewellery Canada is turning out in her factories and workshops, designed by Canadian craftsmen, especially for Canadian women.

Because it's smart and inexpensive enough for every costume, and any time of day. It's made to go with the new fashions, to be worn in sets, or pairs, or alone, in definite ways you shouldn't be able to go wrong with. It's as elaborately glittering, or as classically simple, as you like.

So here's your guide to what's new, how and where to wear it, and what it will do for your clothes.

### Why Wear Costume Jewellery?

**It's a Jewellery Season.** Clothes are simple, shoulders are smooth and graceful, hats are draped, and necklines are high or deep.

That means a definite need of something to finish, to accent, the head and shoulders.

**Hair Sweeps Up** at the sides, down or short in the back, leaving an "ear space" ready to be set off in the most interesting way for your particular shape of head and neckline.

**We Need Brightening Up.** Thousands of men are in uniform, women are in simple classic clothes, often last season's. There's nothing that will give a fresh touch of gaiety, a bit of shine and sparkle to a woman, like the right piece of jewellery. Especially at the holiday season.

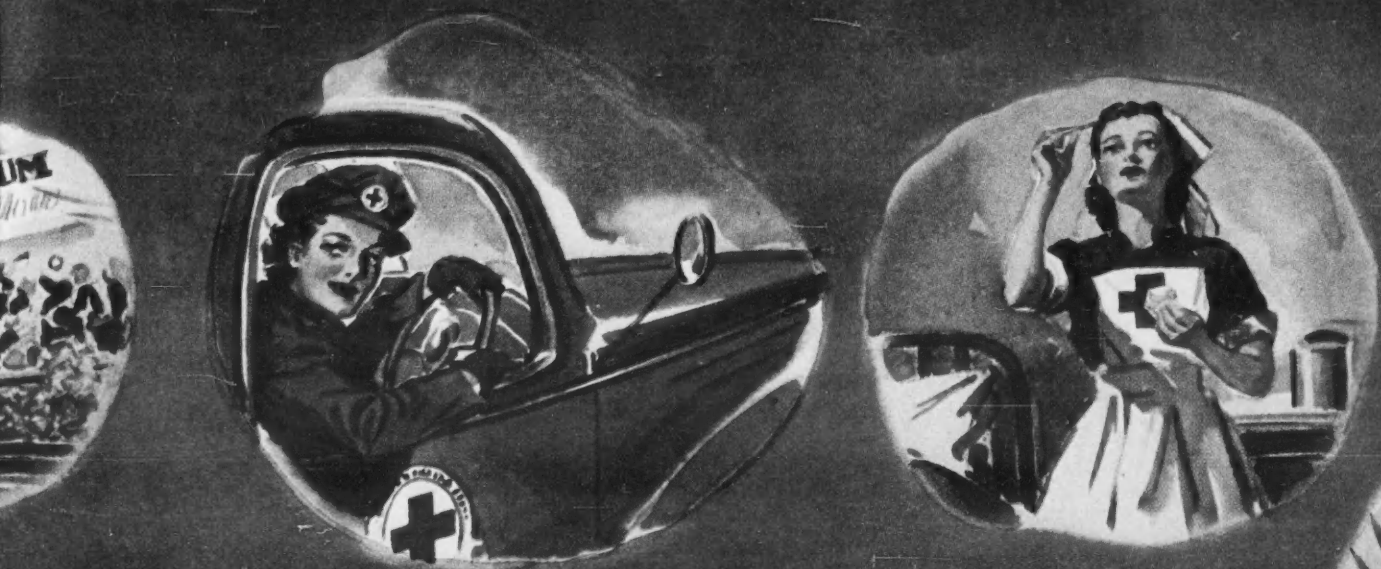
### What's New?

**Earrings.** From hanging bands that look like wedding rings, to elaborate horns of plenty and flower sprays that follow the ear line right up. Enamelled or gold and silver buttons for tailored wear, pearl and stone studded designs for afternoon and dinner wear, the most elaborate rhinestone and jewelled crescents and squares and circlets going up from the lobe with the hairline, or swinging like pendants for evening wear. Jet and rhinestone and pearl earrings are designed especially to pick up the glitter trimming used on many of the beaded dinner dresses. Then there are the sets. Pins, pendants, lapel ornaments, necklaces, are all made with matching earrings. You can get the most unusual single or paired hat ornaments, especially good on turbans or the new draped tams and Turkish hats, with earrings to match. There are bracelets and earrings, and clips of every sort, for wear on gingham or ermine, with earrings in smaller sizes to match.

**Necklaces.** The longest strings of beads, gold or silver, sparkly or colored, for years and years. Simple, high or long V necklines are responsible for these. They come in sixty-inch guards, or long opera length, as it's called, and you wear them in strings of two or three colors at a time. Especially new are the Canada-developed synthetic stones, dull or lustrous, in royal, violet, amber, tortoise, cherry red, deep green, etc. There are small chokers, too, in the same beads, or you can wear the opera length wound two or three times around. Massive jewellery—the bauble chokers and heavy metal link chains and gold and silver beads—is good. Wedgwood china pendants from Britain are just like the dish china, only small, with bracelets and pins to match. Grand with lace or velvet. And watch out for new ideas in necklaces, like cork seeds dried and stained to deep rich coral, mulberry, and green ■ Continued on page 40

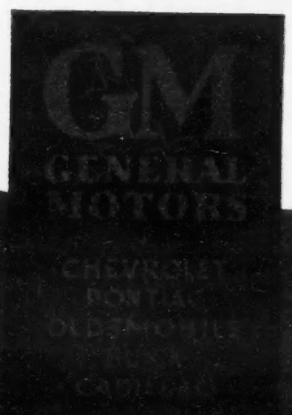


Brenda Marshall's hair sweeps up in the new manner to show earrings that match her pin . . . A bride wears her watch over the sleeve of her wedding gown.



**C**hampions of beauty, love and mercy in every age, the free women of the world, slow to anger and loath to wound, today take up their tasks in the service of Mars, dreaming still of a world in which cradles can be rocked in quietness, hoping still and forever that sons and husbands shall some day return over their thresholds in perfect peace and freedom.....

On farms, in homes and factories, in camps and canteens, in mufti or in uniform, the women of Canada are doing their devoted part in our effort to regain the threatened heritage of freedom. In a mechanized war they, too, speed their activities on wheels which General Motors proudly builds for the great cause of Democracy.



**"CARRY ON!"**





*Canada's Women*





# Thanks! Mr. Hitler

By Enid J. Watts

STEALTHILY, WITHOUT fanfare or tumult, like a prowler on uncharted seas, the *Star of Hope* slipped away from an "unnamed English port," bound for Canada.

Three women and a little girl were crowded into one cabin, with the porthole sealed and the curtains drawn.

Olwen Howell, the Welshwoman, with greying hair and eyes that were somehow unbearably sad, was taking her little girl to Canada.

Katherine Finch, arrogant, beautifully dressed, had clear chilling blue eyes and golden hair that shone against the rich fur of her mink coat. She hummed to herself as she unpacked her exquisite lingerie—for at last she was on her way. She had known incredible luck. What she had spent ten years hoping, waiting and planning for, was dropped overnight into her lap . . .

Vivian Moss, the American, who looked like an attractive schoolgirl, with wide amber eyes and a cascade of shining brown hair, was perfectly groomed, yet somehow curiously forlorn. Hers was another success story—that of a girl who had left a home in which her father was a financial failure, to win a dazzling success in New York. She had been on a buying trip to Paris, when the Germans came. Somehow she had escaped to London, where she had had to wait for weeks to get this reservation in a homeward-bound liner. During those weeks she had learned about

Katherine whirled on him, her eyes blazing. "You'd like to see me down and out—whining to you the way you've hoped ever since I threw you over."

courage—the deep savage courage of a nation roused from sleep.

Lifeboat drill brought them all stampeding on deck. Joan pulled her mother's sleeve: "Look, mother, Tudor—the boy who lived next door!"

Tudor, wireless operator, hailed them in delight. Then his dark glance fixed incredulously on Katherine Finch. Their eyes met for a moment, then he turned abruptly and entered his office. Katherine disappeared downstairs, and, later, Vivian found her sprawled on the lower bunk, in a stupor.

In a quandary as to how she could lift the girl to the upper bunk, she knocked impulsively on the door across the corridor. There was only one person inside, a man. "You'll do!" Vivian said, laughing. "I want a giant!" He looked startled, and then moved awkwardly across the room. For one shocked instant Vivian felt herself turn hot and cold. For he was a giant all right—with

the magnificent body of an athlete, but for one leg that was short and cruelly twisted.

But he lifted Katherine to her own bunk, easily enough. Vivian tossed the mink coat up after her. It missed and fell to the floor with a heavy thud. A curious expression came over Vivian's face as she felt the lining—but she said no word of her discovery to Phelan Forbes, the crippled giant. They agreed to meet in half an hour for a cocktail.

Phelan went back to his cabin, to remember, painfully, the enchanting Blair, who had excused herself, prettily, from their long engagement, when the paralysis struck him.

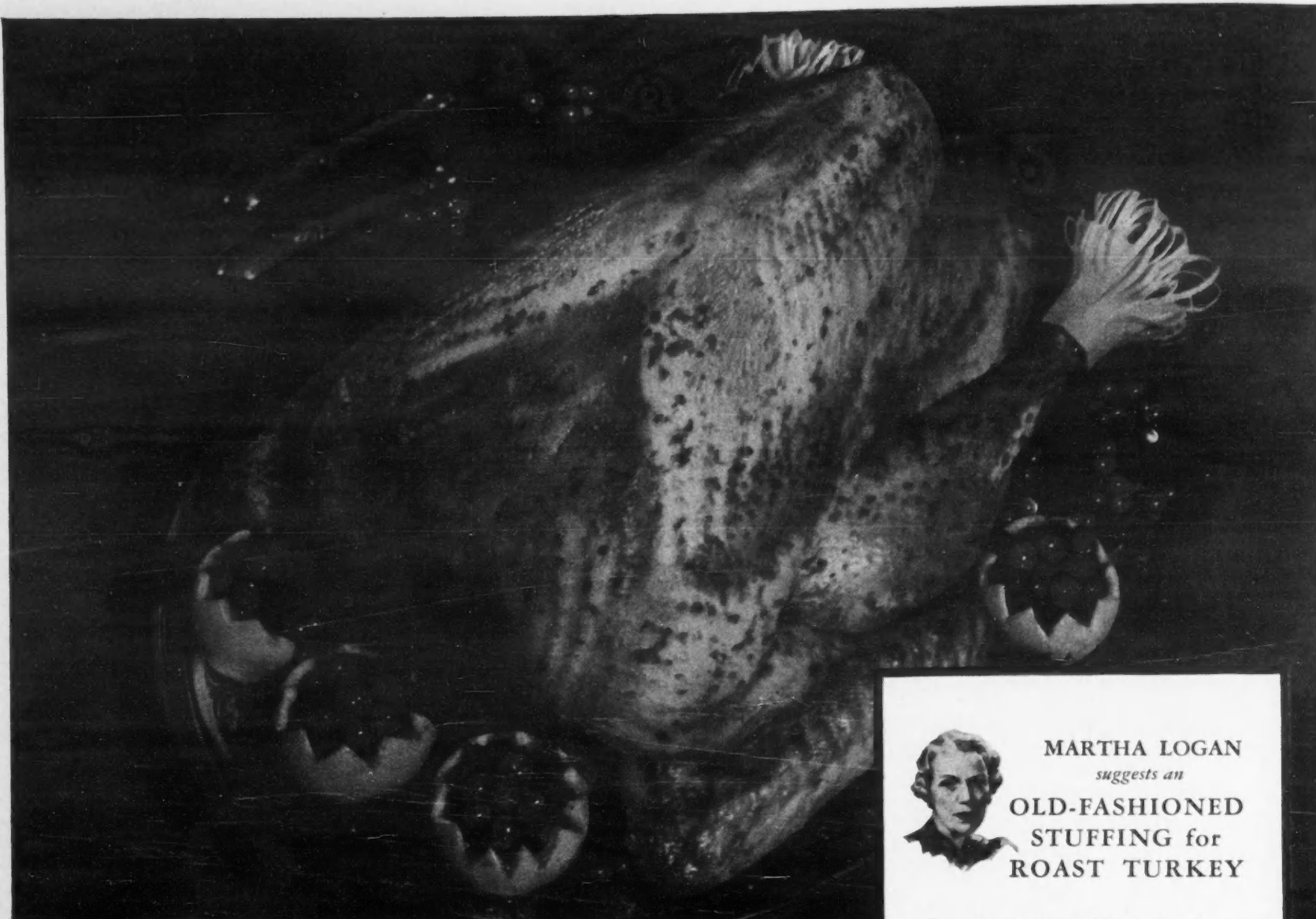
And Olwen Howell, the Welshwoman, felt that at last, alone in her cabin, with the still-unconscious Katherine, and her sleeping daughter, she could look back over the years.

## PART II—CONCLUSION

IT HAD come at last, Olwen knew. The time to remember . . . There had been this nightmare month, this piece of time devoid of all form and feeling, in which she had eaten and slept and deliberately submerged herself in her desperate plannings. No time to think . . . No time to feel . . . So much to be done in so short a time . . . Keep going . . . Keep going . . . But now it ■ Continued on next page

Illustrated by Stan Parkhouse





*F*estive and delicious...  
for your family feast ask for  
**SWIFT'S PREMIUM POULTRY**

Identified by its label, Swift's Premium poultry is extra plump, with choice white meat...delicately tender! So choose your Christmas bird—Turkey or Chicken—early. For real holiday enjoyment, ask for Swift's Premium.

With "visions of sugar plums" dancing through all our heads, let's not forget the boys whom duty has posted away from home this Christmas. Even a small donation to the *Overseas League Tobacco and Hamper Fund*, 255 Bay St., Toronto, will send hundreds of cigarettes to a soldier, sailor or airman overseas. Or ask any Swift dealer about the attractive parcels Swift's will send for you to Great Britain.

BY NECESSITY AND by the will of the people, this is an all-out war. We must make the maximum effort on the home front, too. Every authority recognizes our daily DIET as a vital factor to keep up the pace to win in the shortest time. Strength, nerve, morale, all depend on it. Our Company is pleased to do its part in conserving and developing supplies, in handling them with the greatest possible economy, in helping assure their efficient use. Conservation of some foods at home is a patriotic necessity. But there are still many healthful and delicious meat dishes, such as beef, lamb, and particularly poultry, which are not requested by Great Britain. These, we are glad to say, we can make available to your favourite dealer without interfering with the vital needs of the Motherland.

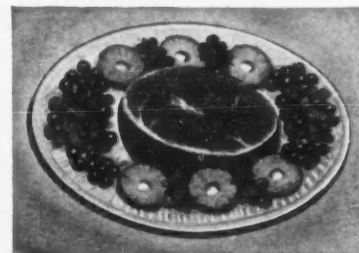
*J. H. Dapen*

President, Swift Canadian Co., Limited



MARTHA LOGAN  
*suggests an*  
**OLD-FASHIONED  
STUFFING for  
ROAST TURKEY**

For a 10 or 12 pound bird, allow 8 cups soft crumbs of day-old white bread (about 1½ average loaves). To these crumbs, add 2½ teaspoons salt, ⅓ teaspoon pepper, 3 tablespoons finely-minced parsley, ⅓ cup finely-minced onion and 2 teaspoons mixed poultry seasonings. Work in 8 to 10 tablespoons soft Brookfield Butter with the fingertips; or use dripping, if preferred. To about 1 cup of this mixture, add 1 slightly-beaten Brookfield egg and use to stuff crop; a little stock or milk may be added to the remainder, for filling loosely into the body cavity. Garnish the roasted turkey with holly, and with cranberry sauce in scalloped orange cases.



When Premium Ham is available, it makes a festive dinner for small families, served as a centre slice. Broil the slice and serve with broiled pineapple slices and decorate with festive holly.

Say **SWIFT'S PREMIUM**... for the finest meats!



the oven. And now he is a man and ready to marry."

"He is ready. But I am not easy in my mind about her. I have seen her photo. Pretty enough—but flighty, and with temper in her eyes."

"Tudor is a good boy, thanks to his mama and his dada. To marry him will steady her, never fear."

"Well, it is their life! But indeed, Mrs. Howel *sach*, you do make me ashamed, sitting here gossiping while you are at it like a bee. Be careful now, or you will wear out the top of that table with your rubbing."

"Laugh you, all you like. You are like Will and the children. Mama, they say, you are an old fuss about the house. But dust on the good things we have worked so hard to buy is something I cannot endure. Well, but it is almost finished, Mrs. Evans. To think by this time next year we will own this house. There is happy we are, Will and me. It is like seeing your life in your two hands. Fifteen good years of working and going without and being happy in this little house."

"WILL, WILL! Where are you, my heart? Billy? Bobby? No, no! Not there, men! Why are you digging in that dirt, whatever? They are not there. This is not our house—this old pile of dust and broken bricks! Our house was clean and tidy always. And shining like a new pin . . . *Du maur!* But it is our house! And it is all dust! Will, Will, it has beaten me at last! Dust we are and to dust we shall return. I am tired now, and I can do no more. It is all dust, my heart. All our life . . ."

YOU COULD drink black coffee; you could lie in bed all day; you could get up eventually and souse your face in ice-cold water. Easy enough, thought Katherine greyly, to cure a heavy head. But there was no remedy she had ever heard of that could lift a heavy heart.

She brushed her bright hair and swept it high with deft but laggard fingers.

I need air, she muttered, staring critically at herself in the mirror.

Her eyes were clear again, she saw, and her skin smooth. But overnight, in some subtle way, her face had changed; as though the suddenness of that shock had sharpened its very lineaments, putting a tightness about her mouth and guards in her eyes.

She shivered as she looked around her. This cabin, she thought distastefully. Enough to give anyone the creeps. Stuffy little cubbyhole! The whole ship, as a matter of fact, was depressingly still, save for the muffled, far-distant clatter of dishes. Dinnertime, of course—

Suddenly she was tying a blue handkerchief around her head, gypsy-fashion. This would be a good chance! He would no doubt be eating, like all the herd . . .

Katherine slipped on her fur coat and hurried aloft.

She breathed easier when she had stepped through the heavily curtained lounge door to find everywhere dimness and dusk. Even fog. Of course! How stupid of her! She had forgotten entirely

about the blackout. No need to worry out here with darkness falling and a curtain of fog—and even so much as the glow of a cigarette forbidden. It would be quiet, too. On this trip, for lack of else to do, people were retiring early—if you could call it retiring, sleeping all night in one's clothes, and one's bunk loaded with heavy coats and lifebelts. This was no pleasure trip for the majority of passengers aboard the *Star of Hope*. Though, thought Katherine resentfully, it should have been for her, but for Tudor's undreamed-of presence.

All unconsciously her fingers were crossed. Because—and a tingle of apprehension ran up her spine—for the first time a shadow had fallen across her path of luck. What if it was an omen? What if at the very end something should happen? . . .

No, no! Katherine squared her shoulders and walked on, resolutely. You believed in luck, and it followed you. She had proved that conclusively this last year, against a whole battery of circumstance, against the feeble clamoring of conscience, against love itself . . .

She leaned against the deck rail, staring out into a vast blanket of fog so dense that not so much as an outline of the other ships of the convoy was discernible.

"Scared, Kitty?"

She swung around to face him, pulling hard on every particle of composure within her.

"I suppose," she said thinly, "we had to meet sooner or later. We may as well get it over."

"Certainly there was no need for you to get drunk in order to avoid me," said Tudor.

"What business is it of yours, I'd like to know—what I do?" she demanded sullenly.

"You must have changed, then. You never used to drink." He looked at her carefully from tip to toe. "You have changed," he decided, and laughed shortly. "Your plans must have worked, Kitty. Darned if you don't look more like Lady Oxleigh than Lady Oxleigh herself."

"Don't mock at the dead, Tudor Evans!" she flashed at him, goaded to sudden fury.

He stared at her.

"What do you mean—the dead?"

She bit her lip.

He came close to her then and took her elbow.

"Why are you going to Canada?" he demanded roughly. "There is something behind all this, my girl. You wouldn't be crossing just for your health at a time like this."

"Take your hands off me," she began—but his eyes, bleak and bitter, locked in hers. Fury ran out of her like sawdust out of a rag doll. She leaned limply against the rail, averting her eyes.

"I wanted to get out," she answered flatly. "I—I had enough. My nerves—It was terrible. The house folded up like a matchbox. Nearly everybody was killed or buried alive. I was lucky. And one or two of the servants—"

"You look lucky." His eyes indicated the richness of furs, the tiny flash of



"A ponderous pachyderm knows leaves" said Henry



1 Henry was reading Osa Johnson's book, *I Married Adventure*. "Look," he said, "look at this picture of an elephant. Read what it says, 'Tearing down trees to get the tender top-branch leaves.' See, a ponderous pachyderm goes for the little, tender leaves—and he's a leaf expert."



2 I married adventure, too, when I got Henry. Who would have thought that he was continuing the subject which had started at dinner? "This tea!" Henry said at the dinner table, scowling at his cup. "You ought to use Tender Leaf Brand Tea."



3 I object to being told what I ought to do in my own kitchen. "You go sit on a flagpole," I told my loving mate. "Why should I use Tender Leaf Tea?" "Because the little, TOP leaves of the tea plant make the best tea," said Henry. "I read all about it once."



Your grocer has Tender Leaf Brand Tea in 7- and 12-oz. packages—and in the new FILTER tea balls. Enjoy the finer flavor and fragrance of the choice, young tea leaves—today!

Blended and Packed in Canada







## Shorter days mean longer odds — against you!

Winter invariably brings heavier tolls of traffic accidents—there are usually more than one and a half times as many accidents in December as in June.

Shorter days mean more hours of darkness. These shorter days bring with them stormy weather and other seasonal dangers in driving your car.

These abnormal burdens are placed on drivers every Winter—and particularly

this Winter because our rapidly accelerating war effort is putting more and more men and cars on the roads.

Increased dangers should be balanced by increased caution. Those drivers and business organizations who, in co-operation with the Oil Controller, are using their cars only for essential transportation in order to conserve gasoline for the use of our armed forces, will keep in mind the following suggestions throughout the winter.



**The careful driver** makes sure that his lighting equipment is adequate and that it is properly adjusted for longer hours of darkness, snow, sleet, and fog; also that windshield wipers and defrosters are working effectively.



**The careful driver** also makes up his mind to travel habitually at speeds that are reduced in conformity with road conditions throughout this season.



**He remembers** to be especially wary of carbon monoxide gas hazards in garages. If his car is a closed model, particularly an old one, he will have it checked for leakage.



**His chances of skidding** are reduced by having brakes properly adjusted, by using tire chains on snow, slush, ice. The safe driver knows and practices safe driving technique on slippery surfaces. He is always on the alert for unexpected icy spots.



**He leaves more room** than usual between himself and the car ahead, is more cautious than ever about passing cars when approaching hills or curves. On hills, he watches out for children on sleds.

## Thanks! Mr. Hitler :: Continued from previous page

was finished. Now, over the vast unquiet water, the ship moved on relentlessly, bearing them away to a life that was desolate and empty and new. There was nothing more to be done. Now she could sit awhile in this cheerless cabin, stroking her child's head as she slept. And in the merciful, encompassing darkness she could at last remember . . .

"GOOD-DAY TO YOU, Mrs. Howell. My name is Anne Evans."

"I am glad to know you, Mrs. Evans."

"There is nice to have a neighbor once again. The house has been empty too long. Many is the time, coming home from the show together, I have said to Mervyn: Well, and that house do look like a blind face, Dada, with no little light shining in the window. You have been married long, Mrs. Howell?"

"Two years all but a month. We lived with my father, do you see, till he passed away at Christmas."

"Indeed. There is sorry I am for you, my child. But there is life! What is it the Good Book says? The days of man are like the grass of the field . . . Well, then, and you have moved into your first little house. And just in time—if seeing is believing."

"Yes. That is so. Any day now . . ."

"Well, be careful now, isn't it? There is easy at the end when you are tired, to grow careless too. I have been through it twice, and I know."

"Never fear, Mrs. Evans. I will be careful. How old are your children, if I may ask?"

"Only men are in my house. Mair, my little girl, did not stay long . . . So it is two big strapping men—my husband and my boy. And both of them born with the itch in their feet. Mervyn is the postman on this beat. And as if that was not enough of travelling in a family, Tudor—he is twelve, and tall for his age—has set his heart to go to sea. Well, there is life! And there is nothing you can do about it. You will see as you get older, my child. Listen, for goodness sake! Do you hear that? Now there is singing for you. A tenor—and clear as a lark."

"That is my husband you hear. One of these days, I tell him, his heart will burst with singing."

"Well, and what better way for a Welshman to die? I must bring over my harp and we will make a night of it soon. There is nothing like music for to make good friends. Good-day to you now, my dear. And remember. The curtains and the pictures can wait. It is better not to lift up your arms . . ."

"OH, WILL, I have met Mrs. Evans next door! I am glad we have moved into this little house. Already it is like home to me, even before baba has come . . . Will—there is good now, isn't it, to have this little house for our own? Something we can leave for our children one day, to call home. Let us start now, Will. Pay for it bit by bit. Oh, I will scrimp and save, and you will never feel the difference, I promise you. And at last it will be our home . . ."

"GOOD-MORNING, Mrs. Howell *fach*, and how is the baba? Indeed to goodness, not a minute older do you look than the day I first set eyes on you five years ago—just before Billy and Bobby were born. Well, now you are both satisfied! The twins for you and a girl for Will. Indeed and I think you have done pretty well since you moved in next door, Mrs. Howell."

"Well enough. But there is a piece to go yet. We have got our little family, it is true. Now there is the home to think of. There is slow it is, what with the interest and the hard times. But never mind. One thing is sure, when the boys are fifteen, this house will be ours. Then I shall say 'Well done,' Mrs. Evans."

"Yes, yes. There it is! Always the same story. To scrimp and save all our lives for our children. And by the time we have done what we planned—look, the nest is empty!"

"You are sad this morning, Mrs. Evans *fach*. Then it is Tudor."

"Yes, he is off tonight. On the *Pandora*, Cunard Line. In the wireless room. He will be happy at last. To have the sea and the wireless both together. Well, there is life—and you can do nothing about it . . ."

"COME IN, Mrs. Evans, and sit awhile. But excuse me, if you please, to go on with my work. I am up to my eyes and no mistake, what with Christmas around the corner. And the children are over everything. I am at it forever, cleaning and polishing and picking up—"

"Well, and you would not want it different. When the children are gone, there is no dust. And if there is, what heart is there left to sweep it?"

"Tudor now—what have you heard? He will land in time for Christmas, isn't it?"

"He will land—but not at home. Tudor is a man, and there is a girl now. An Englisher."

"Goodness! Only yesterday it do seem he was hanging over this kitchen table waiting for the buns to come out of

## Christmas IDEA

No summer garlands ever provided half the fun and merriment that arises out of the stinging of popcorn and cranberry garlands of the tree. Yards and yards of popcorn slipped over the big darning needles alternated with discs and triangles of red and gold and blue and silver paper. Still more yards of strung cranberries will wind themselves round the tree, contrasting its rich greenery with their equally rich red.



## Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

NEW YORK

Frederick H. Ecker Leroy A. Lincoln  
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD PRESIDENT

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE  
OTTAWA

# "Please fill my Christmas stocking at the Singer Shop!"



Dear Family:

Before you go spending too much money for something frivolous I don't want . . . here's a hint.

My idea of real luxury in these busy times is a modern Singer electric to replace my old treadle.

I say Singer, because everyone says it's the best buy. Nothing beats it for quality or wear. Or looks!

And you're really getting off easy, because a new Singer will save this household more money than you'll be spending for it!

Love, Mother.

★ ★ ★

**ASK ABOUT SINGER'S** monthly payment plan and allowance on your old sewing machine.

**FREE WITH PURCHASE** of every Singer sewing machine—a full personal course in dressmaking or home decorating at your Singer Sewing Center. Free check-ups and adjustments by your Singer Service Man.

**PERIOD BEAUTY.** This lovely console table model will add beauty to any room, and make your sewing a joy forever! It opens up into Singer's

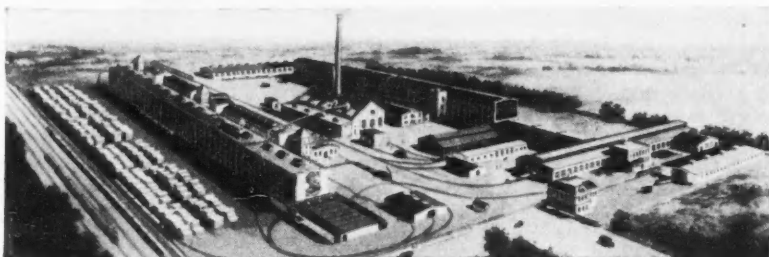
smoothest, finest electric machine, with all the new attachments and improvements. Comes in beautiful walnut, with a stool to match.



**DAD'S CHOICE.** You can put this handsome desk machine in the study or den, and use it for writing as well as sewing! It has three big drawers, as well as a bottom compartment . . . comes in modern rich walnut . . . and is equipped with all the latest sewing features.



**PORTABLE ELECTRIC.** If you live in a small home or apartment, look at this inexpensive Singer portable that sews like a breeze . . . runs with either knee or foot control. It comes in a dustproof case, tucks easily in a closet.



**MADE IN CANADA . . . OF CANADIAN MATERIALS . . . BY CANADIAN WORKMEN**



**CONVERTIBLE.** Here's a grand investment for a home that hasn't electricity, but hopes to, some day. It's a treadle with all the modern sewing tricks, such as a foot for stitching over pins, automatic tension dial, self-wind bobbin. Can be easily converted into an electric, at any time.

Singer is more than a sewing machine . . . it's a Canadian institution. At St. Jean, in Quebec, the great Singer factory builds thousands of machines, using Canadian timber to build the fine cabinets, and Canadian iron and steel for the mechan-

ical parts. All over Canada, over a hundred Singer Shops have been established as headquarters for sewing instruction and helpful sewing aids. When you buy a Singer, you are buying Canadian!

**SINGER**  
SEWING MACHINE COMPANY



## Bringing Up Gran'ma

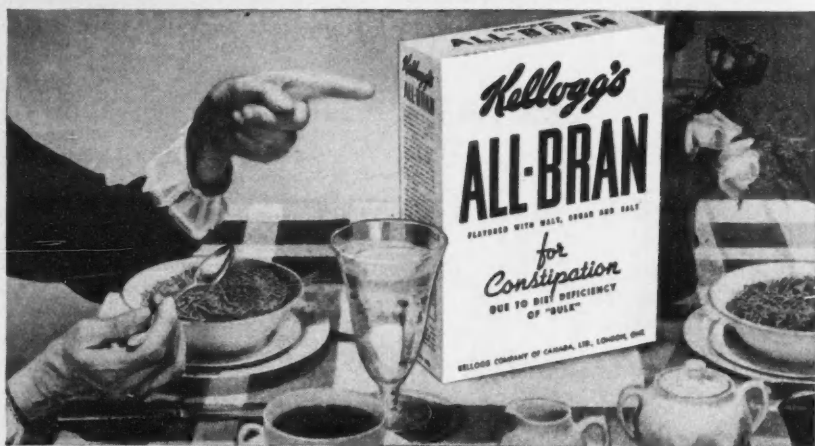


**YOU'D LOVE MY GRAN'MA!** She's really grand! And just filled with personality. But don't ever try to change some of her strong-minded ways. "Puss," she said to me. "I know harsh cathartics are unpleasant to take. But nothing, absolutely nothing in the world, can do you as much good as a real old-fashioned purge!"



"**NOW, GRAN'MA,**" I replied, "we're not living in Old-Fashioned Days. Things have changed a lot. Didn't it ever occur to you to find and correct the cause of your trouble, instead of dosing yourself with those disagreeable purgatives? You come to breakfast and learn the better way!"

"**ALL RIGHT, SHOW ME!**" challenged Gran'ma. "What is it?" "A delicious cereal," I answered. "KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. If constipation is the common kind that's due to lack of proper 'bulk' in the diet, ALL-BRAN will go right to the cause. Just eat it daily and drink plenty of water. But remember, ALL-BRAN doesn't work like harsh purgatives. It takes time."



"**HOLD ON!**" said Gran'ma. "This is downright delicious! Young woman, if a breakfast cereal as tasty as this can do the trick you spoke of, I'll put you down for another thousand in my will!" And, bless her heart, she did!

**Keep Regular... Naturally  
with Kellogg's ALL-BRAN**

Your grocer has All-Bran in two convenient size packages; restaurants serve the individual package. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

"SERVE BY SAVING! BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES"

jewels on her hand. "Olwen Howell's house was bombed, too," he remarked. "And her husband and twin sons buried beneath it. But she didn't want to leave. She had to—because she was penniless and relatives in Canada offered to share with her. And she doesn't exactly look as though the bombing had been an act of God," he finished ironically.

"She ought to be thankful to get herself and her child away to safety."

"Perhaps. But it is not easy at her age to be dependent on people you have never seen. However, for you it is a different story, it seems. You are going out like a duchess in jewels and fine furs—"

She whirled on him then, her eyes blazing.

"You'd like to see me just like her, wouldn't you?" she shrieked. "Down and out! Whining to you the way you've hoped, no doubt, ever since I threw you over. But I'm not, you see. And I never will be. I'm on the up and up, Tudor Evans—just as I told you I would be. And you are where I knew you would be—just exactly where I left you. That's what is biting you, isn't it? You are jealous. And no wonder—stick-in-the-mud! You and your Olwen Howell! What do I care where she goes, or what happened to her cheap little box of bricks in Cardiff?"

She broke off, panting with the violence of her rage.

"Of course you wouldn't care," said Tudor at last. "You haven't changed at all—underneath." In the darkness his face was like a blank cut out of white paper. "You never cared about anyone but yourself in all your mean, grasping, selfish little life. And you never will!"

Long after his heavy steps had died away Katherine crouched against the stern of a lifeboat wrestling with an avalanche of emotion that was at once a mingling of fury, of heartache, and of memories too long suppressed . . .

"What's come over you lately, Kitty? You're different somehow. You used to like talking things over. Planning our own little place and the good times we'd have when I came home on leave."

"When you come home on leave!"

And what sort of a life is that to offer a girl, I'd like to know. Second fiddle to the sea."

"It's my job, Kitty."

"All right then. If that's how you feel, stick to your job. But I am going to live, Tudor. I've got ambitions; plans; and they don't include waiting around for any man to come home from a twopenny job at sea."

"You mean, he travels fastest who travels alone. Well, at that, you may have the right idea. Stick to your ambitions then, Kitty, and I'll stick to the sea. By heaven, I'd rather trust to the sea any day than to a yellow-haired woman . . ."

A group of sailors, busy with their allotted jobs, moved like cats along the murky deck. One of them was jumping from lifeboat to lifeboat, oiling chains and checking on emergency rations and water supplies.

"Look out, lidy!" he shouted, suddenly spotting Katherine in the shadows.

Katherine rose stiffly and moved away.

But halfway across the deck came another warning:

"Oi, there! Clear the decks, please." And down the boards, missing her feet by inches, came a river of water.

Katherine said icily: "If you wait a moment, I will go in, since there seems to be no peace up here."

The sailor set down his bucket and scratched the back of his head as he watched her dimly retreating figure.

"Did yer 'ear what she said, Bill?" he called. "There ain't no ruddy peace, the lidy said!"

THE PLANES swooped so low you could actually see the boys in the blue-grey uniforms waving to the cheering passengers. Bright-faced and young they were. And about them all, that indescribable look of wings.

Vivian drew a deep breath.

"Gee!" she exclaimed in a rush of feeling. "That's where I'd be right now if I were a man!"

Phelan did not answer. He was staring up into the sky. His hands gripped

Continued on page 26

## Red Candles

by Clara E. Hill



In this still room in the soft candlelight,  
Our shadows stretch grotesquely on the wall;  
You laugh at me because I have grown tall,  
And I at you, because the curling white  
Smoke of your cigarette in ghostly flight  
Will not make rings. Nor can there aught befall  
To break the spell, for we are lords of all,  
One happy moment on one happy night.  
Tomorrow is a dream we do not know.  
The world's wild tempest sleeps in silence now.  
The past is shadow, but today is ours.  
Time will go by in this earth's gaudy show,  
Slipping like snow from off the springtime bough,  
Yet memory burns red candles bright as flowers.



# Beauty Culture



## Merry Christmas!

This year, let's enjoy the small delights no less than the large. The holly wreaths in the windows. The lights on the tree. The laughter and the fun and the children's excitement. And let's be thankful that so important a Fragment of "Peace on Earth" reminds us in Canada this Christmas. Keeping that, we shall be well on the way to a brave new year.

—Jean Alexander.

## LESSON N<sup>o</sup>. 10.

# Climate *versus* Complexion

By Jean Alexander

**S**O THE jolly old Christmas spirit is working overtime again!

And what a difference it makes! There's a new sparkle in your eyes. A new color in your cheeks. A new smile on your lips. And—in spite of "Only So Many More Shopping Days"—a new spring in your step!

Thank goodness for these revivifying influences from within! But let's remember, too, that this is the season when nature and the elements wage their ageing battle from without. When cold winds and cold weather combine to do unkind things to the epidermis. When steam-heated homes and offices, heavier foods and the more sedentary life add new complications to the business of being beautiful. Let's give the holiday spirit a hand. Let's see what can be done to make its benefits lasting—for beauty's sake.

Most Canadians, the experts tell us, have a natural legacy in fair, sensitive skins. But the more temperate climate of the British Isles—whence so many of our forebears sprang—is kinder to the tender-faced folk. Here, where the winter months are long and the air currents blow now hot, now cold, as one goes in or out, we must have a very definite plan of beauty care if we're to preserve our outward attractiveness.

"Cleanse, stimulate, protect." Those are the three watchwords of skin care. But right now, it's the last named of the trio that's due for emphasis. Of course you're keeping your skin clean and healthy. And naturally your daily beauty routine is stirring up circulation and helping your skin to throw off accumulated waste. But are you doing what you should to protect your face and neck and hands against what may be permanent "erosion"?

Whether you use a cleansing cream in summer or not, it's certain that you should be using one now. Perhaps you've been depending on a good soap-and-water lather to keep your skin free of impurities. Fine, if you have! So far, good! But add to that process, now, a rich softening cream which can be left on overnight to counteract those fatigue and strain lines on an otherwise placid countenance.

For daily use you may prefer a not too highly perfumed cold cream with a rich luxurious texture. If it's heavy-bodied, you'll just have to massage it into your face to get the best results. And in consequence you'll be giving your skin that added stimulation which will help circulation and tone and firm the contours. Many of the best cold creams are all-purpose products, too. Which means that you can go easy on that pre-Christmas budget and still give your skin adequate care. The all-purpose cream may be used as a cold cream, as a cleanser (followed with a splash of chill water to make your face tingle pleasantly), as a powder base (for many of them come tinted to complement your complexion for day-long wear), and as a toner and refiner of skin texture.

Perhaps you like a cleansing cream as the solid foundation of your daily beauty care. The quick-melting ones which can be worked into the pores and whisked off in a minute, taking grime away at the same time, are a delight to use. And for a final touch-up, try a pat of skin tonic to leave your face feeling fresh and fragrant as gardenia petals.

Go without foundation cream in summer, if you must. At least you know that added exercise and suntan oils are keeping your face within a semblance of respectability—they help! But in wintertime, you really shouldn't subject your normal goods looks to ❖ *Continued on page 29*



Protective creams, discussed in this month's lesson, are absolutely imperative to your beauty care during the months when cold winds and cold weather combine to do unkind things to your skin.

Above: Brenda Marshall, Warner Bros. star, who is appearing in "Captains of the Clouds," the technicolor picture filmed at Uplands Air Training School, Ottawa.



Maureen O'Hara appearing in 20th Century-Fox hit, "How Green Was My Valley". The favorite way to charming hands—use Jergens Lotion!



"LOVE can be strong and Beautiful when Hands are silken-soft."

says **MAUREEN O'HARA**

(Lovely Hollywood Star)



I'VE MANAGED FOR YEARS, DEAR, WITH HELP OF JERGENS LOTION. JERGENS TENDS YOUR HAND SKIN WITH BEAUTY-GIVING MOISTURE.

WELL, ANNE BEGAN RIGHT AWAY TO USE JERGENS LOTION AND NOT LONG AFTER:



Have almost professional soft-hand care . . . so easily

Rough, coarse hands say you're careless about yourself. Because people know—by using Jergens Lotion, you can easily have delightful hands. Yes! Jergens Lotion tends your hand skin

with 2 special ingredients many doctors rely on to help rough skin to heavenly smoothness. Quick to use—never sticky. Regular use helps prevent dismal roughness and chapping. 50¢, \$1.00; introductory sizes 10¢, 25¢. Soon have "darling soft hands"; start now to use Jergens Lotion.

**JERGENS LOTION**

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS



(MADE IN CANADA)

**FREE! . . . PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE**

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

(Paste on a penny postcard, if you wish)  
The Andrew Jergens Company, Ltd.,  
4328 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.  
Please send me—free—my purse-size bottle of the famous Jergens Lotion.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_, Prov. \_\_\_\_\_

the deck rail till the knuckles shone. And his face was like a mask.

"I got my license," he jerked out at last. "Years ago. Did a lot of flying, matter of fact—before this . . ."

Before this! After this!

Everything in Phelan's life, reflected Vivian—and found herself furiously resenting the fact—was colored by those words. They seemed to have cut his life in two. Before this I was so and so. Before this I did so and so. After this—nothing!

But that was the bunk. A sort of R.I.P. All is over and done, kind friends . . .

Something in Vivian that had ever been at its sturdiest against insuperable odds rose up now stubbornly to fight such a moldering defeatism.

"Then, for Pete's sake, why are you going home?" she flashed at him. "They could use you plenty, back there, in some aviation capacity—"

"No, thanks"—roughly. "If I can't be up there, nothing doing."

For what seemed an interminable time, then, they leaned over the deck rail saying nothing at all. A new departure for these two who had, in the last three days, found so much to talk about. Indeed, it had been a matter of secret astonishment to them both, this natural interlinking of their minds and their ideas.

"Well," he shot out abruptly. "Go on! Say it! The pampered boy's pout. I may not have cake, so I will not have bread. Yes?"

Vivian said gravely: "I think you can do better than that."

"Not me," he retorted harshly. "Some other fellow maybe—"

There was a little pool of silence.

Vivian stared down at the heavy seas through which the *Star of Hope* plowed a path that spread and swirled through the eddying foam like a green lace petticoat. The assortment of ships that constituted the convoy was on either side of them; and beyond, on the uttermost fringe, were the destroyers. Small grey ships they were—like patient sheepdogs flanking a straggling flock of sheep . . .

"I have a theory," she said at last. "Cockeyed, you will probably call it. But so often what seems at the time to be sheer disaster turns out in the end to be the springboard to—well, a better way of living. Maybe that's how it happens that so much of the greatness in the world has been contributed through, and often because of, suffering. Why, just take this war, Phelan. You and I have seen it at close quarters. We know how awful it is; this terror and destruction that a maniac has let loose upon the world. Yet already some things that are beautiful and good have sprung from this desolation—like flowers in a wilderness. Some things, believe it or not, we can actually thank Hitler for, though, surely, that was the last thing he ever had in mind! Think of the unity he has brought to a scattered Empire; of the will to endure he has planted in every British man, woman and child; of

Continued on page 41



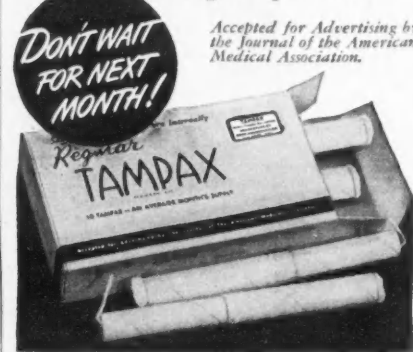
**JOIN THE MILLIONS**  
using **Tampax** now!



**W**OMEN who discover Tampax usually want to tell it aloud from the housetops . . . And why not? It permits any kind of costume to be worn without a bulge or "edge." And it brings a new sense of glorious freedom to the wearer.

Tampax was perfected by a doctor to be worn internally. It is made of pure surgical cotton, greatly compressed and extremely absorbent. Each Tampax comes in patented one-time-use applicator—for quick and dainty insertion. With Tampax there is no chafing and no odor. Therefore, no deodorant is necessary. Also, Tampax is easily disposed of.

Now made in three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. These meet every individual need (the new Super is 50% more absorbent). Use Tampax and you can travel, dance . . . use tub or shower . . . Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 25¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain. Don't wait for next month! Join the millions using Tampax now!



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## Climate versus Complexion :: Continued from page 27

the added strain imposed upon it—without some effort at protection.

It isn't as if foundation preparations aren't doing their own bit to keep your skin soft, clean and well cared for. Although most of them are done up with a minimum of shine-promoter, they do contain enough oil to soften and protect a bit. And certainly they're much better than nothing, for they prevent soot and grime working into the pores, they provide a base for your wintertime cosmetics, and they counteract the drying and weathering effects of the indoor-outdoor routine.

One of the most effective foundations comes in two shades—for the fair or the dark of skin. It's creamy in consistency, oily to the touch, but it goes on smoothly and evenly with the lightest application and gives you an all-day-long base which provides a slight but effective protection.

Something a trifle more antiseptic—excellent for skin that's oily or blemished, since it's drying, too—is the foundation lotion suggested by one beauty house. Reminiscent of the old-fashioned powder lotion (which had to be shaken well before application), it is most satisfactory for evening, and can be used on shoulders, neck and arms just as well as on the face.

And, speaking of arms—don't forget to give your elbows and wrists, as well as your hands, their daily workout. In cold weather they badly need a touch of extra care. And your cold cream and cleansing cream may be particularly useful in counteracting chapping and cracking. Rub the cream in well, particularly at night. And once a week, at least, give your hands a special rub with rich nourishing cream, or with warmed oil (some of the baby oils are excellent for the purpose), and wear a pair of loose old white cotton gloves to bed. You'll get up in the morning with the most beautiful hands—and what it will do for your cuticle and fingertips is most heartening!

Perhaps you think because you're not an outdoor girl, you don't need to worry about winter complexion troubles. But lady, you're mistaken. The lassies who sit around all day in offices, and spend their evenings playing badminton or bridge (or bingo!) are just as apt to develop lines in their faces, and dry skin, and unbeautiful spots, as their sisters who think the winter is made for sports. Dry skin is the big problem in a climate where indoor comfort means dry heat and plenty of it. So do be good to yourself. Use at least one good cream, if you haven't time or money for a more extensive ritual.

Better than one preparation, however, are two—one to counteract that drab fallow look skins often retain long after summer has gone; the other to soften dry, taut or roughened skin. In these days, when every woman holds down

two or three jobs, what with war work in addition to the usual round at home or office, it's tremendously important that you simplify your beauty care. Cut it down to a minimum for morning and night; but keep to it. And once a week (Friday evening, as a preparation for the week end, or Sunday night before you tuck in for those few hours before midnight which can make or mar your Monday morning) treat yourself to an extra lather of protective cream or lotion. Daily care, even on the basis of a lick and a promise, can work minor miracles. And a really good go once in a while will keep your face in hand.

Speaking of the outdoor girl, there are some excellent new preparations which deserve a special mention. One is designed especially for the skier. It's a transparent jelly which is rubbed into the skin to give you that clean sporty look so attractive on the ski slopes, and in the lodge. You don't use a powder over it. Just a swipe of lipstick to relieve the monotony in the bright and shining face!

And if you're really going in for sports in a large way, do lay in a supply of some sort of sunproof cream or lotion. It will prevent your developing a complexion like a Swiss guide's (which is nice in its place but—!). Some of the best of the protective creams make an effective powder base, as well as saving the surface. And many of the suntan oils come in two or three skin tones, to make the picture more pleasing.

If your skin is youthful, you may find a skin balm is all you require. It is soothing for wind-roughened skin and counteracts the effects of sun and low temperatures. And it's good to leave on overnight. There are cleansing lotions, too (if you prefer things in bottles rather than in jars) which are useful for removing impurities brought to the surface by overnight cleansing and softening preparations. They're designed to be wiped off with cleansing tissues, and followed by skin tonic to freshen and exhilarate the skin. But go easy on the astringents in wintertime. They're apt to be drying if used too frequently.

There are fine lotions for daily hand care, too. One of the popular products comes in two types—one the original preparation which is undoubtedly stickier, but wonderfully protective, the other described by the makers as an improved type, which disappears when massaged into the skin. Just keep in mind that the charming effect of good grooming exerted only on head, neck and shoulders may be unhappily offset if your hands are weatherbeaten derelicts of the dishpan. And please, if you can, make your beauty care an all-out, wholesale campaign. Let it be consistent and persistent. In the battle of climate versus complexion, be sure you're giving yourself a chance. The winter wind has no perils for a skin that's adequately protected.



### YOUR OWN BEAUTY NOTEBOOK

Do you remember the advice you read in style and beauty articles? This unique Beauty Scrapbook will help you keep track of information relating to your own particular type — your coloring, figure, hair, skin, personality.

Send 10 cents to cover cost of mailing to:

Beauty Editor, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

(Please tell us to what age group you belong — under 25, between 25 and 40, over 40?)

# To kindle Love

LIGHT UP YOUR TYPE

MYRNA LOY, CO-STARRING WITH WILLIAM POWELL IN M-G-M'S "SHADOW OF THE THIN MAN"



MYRNA LOY . . . AMERICAN BEAUTY BLEND

Lovely light-dark blend with peach tones. For accent, use Woodbury Windsor Rose. For exotic effect, Brunette.



MERLE OBERON  
The Ivory Skin Type

Creamy skin, ivory tints. For striking clearness, Woodbury Rachel. Or for deep, velvet tone, Blush Rose.



VIRGINIA BRUCE  
The Cameo Skin Type

Fair skin with cameo-pink tints. For delicate bloom, use Woodbury Flesh. For radiant warmth, use Blush Rose.



BRENDA JOYCE  
The Honey Skin Type

Amber skin with gold tints. For deeper accent, Woodbury Champagne. For a rosy look, use Windsor Rose.



DOLORES DEL RIO  
The Tropic Skin Type

Vivid skin, dusky or olive tones. For luscious richness, use Woodbury Brunette. For copper glow, Champagne.

HOLLYWOOD selects five lovely stars to represent five basic skin types—now Woodbury creates Color Controlled Powder shades to glorify each type.

by LOUELLA PARSONS, Movie Columnist

Leading Hollywood directors say: "Step up your type and you step up your appeal".

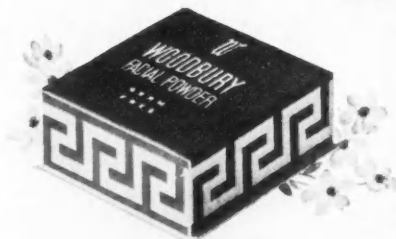
They add, "It's skin, not hair, that determines type". So decide—which of the five

basic skin types are you? Then learn the biggest news in make-up!

Woodbury has created a new Color Controlled Powder to do things—Hollywood glamour things—for your type. Thanks to Woodbury's exclusive Color Control, it's super-clear (no color blobs or streaks), super-fine and super-clinging.

You'll love the glamour look this new Woodbury Powder gives you. So will he!

## WOODBURY Color Controlled POWDER



(MADE IN CANADA)

### FREE! 6 GLAMORIZING SHADES!

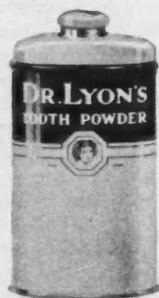
Paste on penny postcard . . . to get 6 type-dramatizing samples new Woodbury Color Controlled Powder.  
John H. Woodbury, Ltd.,  
Dept. 8725, Perth, Ontario.  
Please include tube new Foundation Cream.

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Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Prov. \_\_\_\_\_





Dentists know  
YOU CAN'T BEAT  
*Powder and Water*  
to make teeth **GLEAM!**



Why pay for water  
in a dentifrice?

USE **DR. LYON'S Tooth Powder**  
*On a moist brush*

IF THERE were a better way to clean and brighten teeth, dentists would quickly adopt it. But you still find them using two cleansers proved safe and effective by long experience—water, and powder!

It's an unbeatable combination, one you should use! Get DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER, developed by a practicing dentist. Dr. Lyon's is all powder, all cleanser; you pay nothing extra for water, for you've plenty of that at home! But right from the first cleansing with Dr. Lyon's on a moist brush, your teeth look brighter, feel cleaner, your mouth more refreshed. And you can be sure there is nothing in Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder to scratch or injure tooth enamel. No acid, no grit, no pumice.

Ask for Dr. Lyon's now at your drugstore. Matched for price, it outlasts tooth paste two-to-one, as you'll soon discover!

## FASHION SHORTS



Vth Avenue—just another Avenue—your avenue. It's a friendly avenue underneath its glamour. It's a homely avenue, underneath its splendor. I know if its pavements could talk it would say, along with me, "A HAPPY CHRISTMAS . . . A NEW YEAR OF PEACE—from us to you—for we're sister streets."

—Kay Murphy.

By KAY MURPHY

**HAPPY CHRISTMAS!** If you want a Fifth Avenue idea to jog up a dark dress, or give as a last-minute gift, try this: take a skein of bright yarn—any color you have on hand—and tie little velvet bows in black or contrasting color, on it. They're wearing 'em down here as "sweater necklaces," but I wager you can do the trick yourself. (Skeins of rayon yarn awf'ly smart, too . . .)

### Collars and Cuffs Are Old But Ever New

Just landed in from a museum, where what do you think I saw? A wonderful exhibition of collars the gals wore back in the B. C. days. The story goes that collars—and sometimes cuffs—are about the oldest form of adornment we have. Set me to thinking that you Fashion Shorters may not be making the most of your collars. One ultra modern capelet and deep cuffs to match, which was shown as a modern version of an ancient design, was merely bits and scraps from dresses of other years, sewn onto a muslin base. Get the idea? What a mass of color—and chic, too.

### The Greys Have It

If you want a terribly expensive-looking dress, à la Fifth Avenue, get it in grey. Am seein' so many of the British woollens coming over in that color. It seems the English gals like grey—and some other dyes were not on tap—so a fashionable dressmaker said: "Give 'em grey—they'll like it." Along the Avenue many of the smart shops are showing "British grey" (between ourselves it's just grey). If you think you can't wear grey, try changing your rouge and lipstick for the Grey Dress. Lean to the red tones in same, rather than the orange.

### It's Smart to be Thrifty

Dashing down Fifth Avenue, I run in and out of stores searching for new things. As this is a "thrifty" fashion year down here, you'd be amazed at the things I see. Many of the wool shops

gloat in working out ideas that cost so little, yet mean so much. I jotted down a few notes about some of the items. You're so smart, I hope they give you some ideas! The things women can do . . .

—Those round coffee cans, knitted into sort of a snood, to use as a handbag. Punch holes into the top of the can and sort of lace the wool into them to keep the can steady. Use a broad velvet or grosgrain drawstring—it's smarter . . .

—Hubby's cardboard collar box makes a lovely Turkish turban. Make a crochet case for it or, again, knit a "cover" for it . . .

—If Himself misses a belt, probably you've crocheted all around it and are wearing it yourself—elegantly. A good tip for your own discarded leather belts . . .

—If hubby or brother is about your size, purloin an old vest. (You may have to fit it a wee bit here and there.) Tuft it with wool as you would a bedspread. What a stunning effect it has when worn with a simple little dress! . . .

—Shape little red fingernails out of flannel and appliqué them to the tips of your fingertip-wornout fabric gloves. Or, easier still, darn the whole fingers in bright cotton. If your knuckles are slightly thick, taper off before you reach 'em . . .

—Pearls are so good this season, wear 'em often. If the string has broken, try restringing them as usual, but leave them loose . . . loose enough to make a little narrow bow of velvet ribbon (baby ribbon) every here and there.

### Dickeys Just About Tops

Apart from the glamour of that "touch of white" close to your throat, dickeys do wonders in dressing up a frock, a suit or a sweater. They're making 'em now the "3-way." A basic back and front bodice—then three different sorts of collars you snap off and on at will. A Peter Pan, a broad lapel and a notched lapel set are my choice. Saves you a lot of washing—and loads up the glamour. ■

## Beauty Brevities



SOMEBODY WAS telling a crowd of press women about the beautiful girls in the north country.

"I've never seen anything to equal them," she exclaimed. "Such grace. Such poise. Such complexions! They're all perfectly lovely. And most of them walk three or four miles to school each day—and have since they were tiny tots."

Maybe that's the answer. Maybe the gasoline restrictions are blessings in disguise. Maybe we should all go in for buying brogues and stomping about the countryside. Anything for beauty. Or something.

Don't think the military touch has been overlooked by the beauty experts. Manufacturers are turning out the most resplendent collection of beauty aids—rouges, lipsticks, nail polishes—keyed to the victory slogans and offered to complement the best winter shades. The new reds are certainly stimulating, too. Pretty to look at. Pretty to wear.

When you're packing your knapsack for that skiing week end, remember to put a bottle of eye lotion in your kit. You'll find a night and morning eye bath a great help in counteracting the effects of snow glare. Why not, after all, give your eyes the daily attention you give your teeth. The latter (if the worst comes to the worst!) are replaceable. Your eyes aren't.

If you're saying to yourself, "I know it's smart, but I can't wear that color—it makes me look so washed out," how about considering what cosmetics can do to make any shade wearable? For the guidance of all and sundry, one of our greatest beauty experts has prepared a little chart, suggesting just what shades of lipstick, eye shadow, nail enamel and rouge should be worn with what.

Here's a synopsis:

With the deep reds, wear warm velvety red lipstick and polish and blue-green eye shadow.

With the olive-green family—cheery bright red lipstick (etc.) and jade eye shadow.

With the taupes—the same true bright red as with the olive-greens and a jade eye shadow.

With the rich browns—a lipstick with a hint of coral, nail enamel to match and jade eye shadow.

With the purple shades—lipstick which has a decided winy cast (a blue background) and an opalescent eye shadow.

With the grey-blues—an opalescent

eye shadow again and a lipstick and matching beauty aids which have a rosy pink cast.

With the naturals—a rosy raspberry tint for nails, fingertips and cheeks and a blue-green eye shadow.

Simple and easy? Just like that!

Grandest thing in the world after a hectic day—and before you gather yourself together for the evening's onslaught—is a warm, relaxing bath. (Followed, if you want to be firm about it, with a brisk cool shower.) For the quiet relax, by the way, there are a few preparations which will help. Such as the bath salts, dissolved under the spray from the tap, which make a luxurious foam in the tub. Some of the best have a milk base (and you know what milk does for the skin), and are fine as water softeners, too. They come in flower or spicy scents, and the foam of the bath, rubbed into the skin, is most refreshing. Do your foam massage before you get out the trusty cake of soap, however. Soap and foam don't seem to mix—the soap wins. But though the bubbles disappear, the water is left pleasantly perfumed and soft on the skin.

Ever try bath oil? It's concentrated so just a few drops do the job of water softening, and there are several scents to choose from.

Feature of a recent style show in New York City was the new coiffure-hat-make-up ensemble. With the idea of saving time for the harassed female, the chic little millinery creations were presented with synthetic hair attached. The idea being that you simply tuck your own short locks under the "creation" and sally forth, hat-coiffure and all. One of the prettiest was a plum turban, gold trimmed, to which Titian hair was attached, showing just in the manner of your own hairdo beneath the hat. Just the least bit startling. But fun!

You're a new person these days, you know. Gone is the girl who loafed in the autumn sun, who took life very casually—and in her place is a young woman with a lot to do, but who's determined, in spite of the urgency of living, to keep herself bright and attractive and gay. One of the easiest ways to change your personality (speaking figuratively, of course) is to change your perfume. It helps to dramatize your new "town and business" self. It makes a new woman of you when you step out evenings. Your public will like it. And (is anyone listening?) perfume makes an always-pleasing gift from Him to Her. ❖

## No more Cold Cream!



Goodbye to old-fashioned skin-care



Now all you need is this one cream

**No Need for Cold Creams, Special Softeners, Powder Bases, Astringents—when you use this modern 4-Purpose Face Cream!**

By *Lady Esther*

Many women say there never was a cream to compare with Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. And no wonder!

Lady Esther Face Cream works on this entirely new and different principle: it asks no help of other creams or lotions. It does a wonderfully complete job by itself—cleansing, softening and beautifying the skin—making it smoother, fresher and younger-looking.

Think of it! One cream—just one amazing face cream—that scientifically serves the four most essential needs of your skin!

### It Does These 4 Things

Have you ever asked yourself what the face cream you use really does for your skin? Never mind what it claims to do for others—*what does it do for you?*

Why continue using a cream that does only a "half-way" job? Why continue

being loyal to a cream that doesn't help correct your special skin troubles?

Remember—every time you use Lady Esther Face Cream it does these 4 things! (1) It gently but thoroughly cleanses the skin, gives it new freshness and sparkle. (2) It softens the skin, relieves dryness. (3) It refines the pores—beautifies the skin texture. (4) It smooths the skin, prepares it for powder and make-up.

Yes, my one cream does all these 4 vital things! I know it's hard to believe. But before you buy it—*try it!* Let your own eyes prove that Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream is entirely different—that it does something very special for your skin! Don't miss the sample tube offer.

### Sample Tube Sent FREE

Try Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. Try it as a powder foundation in the morning—as a cleansing and softening cream at night. See why it's like a complete beauty treatment every time you use it. Mail coupon for free tube today!

*Lady Esther* 4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM



LADY ESTHER, (2-48)  
Toronto 12, Ontario.

Please send me a generous sample tube of your 4-Purpose Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, FREE and Postpaid.

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CITY \_\_\_\_\_ PROV. \_\_\_\_\_

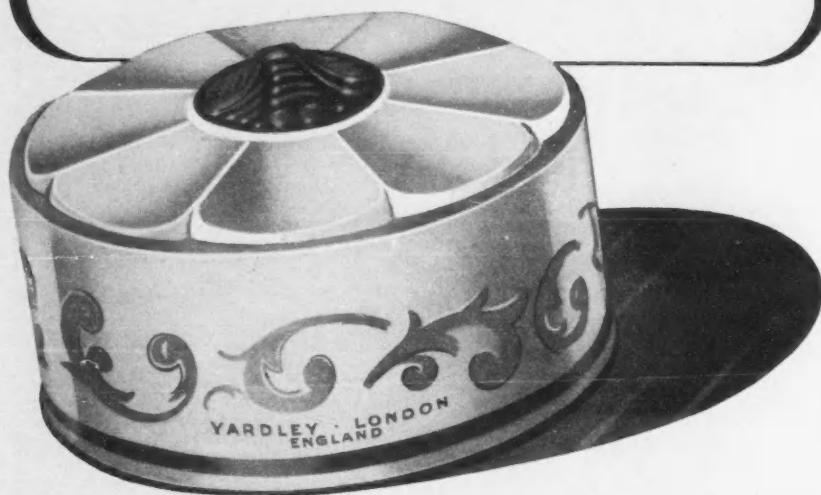
## Christmas Idea

Easy to make are the fruit pyramids so popular at present. On top of an upturned biscuit tin place a one-pound coffee can, also upturned, and on top of that an up-ended baking powder can. Circle them with oranges, apples and lemons in steps. Tuck greenery in between, covering all hint of the cans and dot with bright red cranberries.





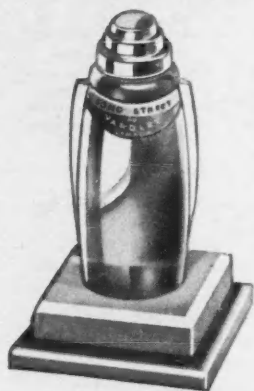
**A Complexion  
Protected by  
English Complexion Powder  
is Always Serene . . . . .**



**I**F you would know why Yardley aids to clear-skinned charm are so dear to lovely beings, try, for instance, the Yardley English Complexion Powder.

You'll find that its fairy film is unperturbed through days of outdoor pleasure or evenings of delight.

And you'll love the mild intoxication of its fragrance of "Bond Street" perfume — at good drug and department stores where Yardley preparations are displayed — \$1.25.



**YARDLEY**  
*English Complexion*  
**POWDER**

PERFUMED WITH

*"Bond Street"*

"Bond Street" is of the elect—a truly distinguished perfume to companion you in regal manner—\$2.20 to \$11.50



## *So you're going Back to Work*

By CAROLYN DAMON

"I'M GOING back to work," a lot of you are writing to *Chatelaine's* fashion editor these days, "and it's so long since I've been in the business world that I've forgotten what to wear. Will you help me?"

So here you are—a guide to office clothes and behavior. If you're already working in an office or a shop, and don't seem to be quite clicking in your business-time getup, maybe you're missing out on one of these important points, and this will be of use to you, too.

**Grooming Comes First.** Watch your husband or your brothers get ready to go to work in the morning. Whatever the kind of clothes they wear—anything from a business suit to a milkman's uniform—they see that those clothes are spruced up to look their best. No matter how much you have to do before you leave the house, allow at least ten minutes for your final check-over, brush-off and hat-adjusting. It's grand to follow the little-girl trick you used to have of laying out everything you're going to wear the night before. And seeing that it's pressed and cleaned thoroughly. Good grooming will cover a multitude of patches and made-overs.

**Don't Ape the Youngsters.** This is, of course, assuming that you're not in the first bloom of youth. But it goes for anybody, meaning, don't lose your individuality. If you come home from the first day in your new job, and the sixteen-year-olds are all wearing little pullover sweaters and knee-high pleated skirts, don't go and do likewise.

Thirty years of age should be an absolute deadline for pullover sweaters, unless you're one in a million. You can still wear the jacket type and look very smart. Never mind bows on your hair, long bobs or a young-girl outlook. In other words:

**Have Dignity.** But don't stand on it. The personnel manager of a great store says that the main difficulty older women in business are up against is their feeling that they should stand on their rights. In business there are few "rights" except the right to be efficient, to be eager to learn, to co-operate. On

the other hand, remember that every age has its own compensation in understanding, in ability to discipline oneself, in a sense of values. Instead of longing to be sixteen, or trying to act as though you were, use your added years as a lever to win the chief's confidence in your judgment and your dependability. And to gain the confidence and admiration of the younger girls.

**Don't Be a Sourpuss.** The first thing the other girls in the office will resent is someone who takes the joy out of living. And if you're a damping Dora, the chief will soon feel the chill atmosphere and instinctively dislike it. If you've been at home by yourself a lot, you'll find the companionship and stimulation of working with other people exciting and enjoyable, so long as you let yourself. You may have come back to work through dire necessity, or through sad circumstances. But don't you think there's enough sorrow and trouble in the world today without you spreading your personal share through a whole office staff?

**Wear Suitable Clothes.** I don't need to tell you to leave your gingham frocks at home. But there's one little change of thinking you may have to do. You've been accustomed (if you've been at home) to "saving" your good clothes while you work, or covering them up. Which was fine. But now your appearance is an open book to dozens of people every day, and you must look smart. So go without something you were going to get for the house, and get a really smart business dress or suit. Don't make any old thing do. Remember you'll need practically nothing in the way of afternoon dresses, now, and you can concentrate on your office clothes. Go to a good stylist or dressmaker, or to someone who knows you in your favorite shop, and get some help in choosing what to wear. It's possible that your figure hasn't quite the streamlined proportions the just-out-of-business-school girls have. So please get a good foundation garment first of all. Your boss will notice a sloppy woman as someone who

Continued on page 34



Gay as a  
Christmas Carol



Simplicity 4044



Simplicity 4065



4017  
Simplicity



Simplicity 4071

PLEASE DRESS up for your Christmas and New Year's doings this year — especially if he's coming home on leave!

There's nothing that's such a wonderful relief from regimentation and camp life as a lovely woman, beautifully gowned and groomed.

The lovely graceful lines of No. 4044 make it a natural for black velvet or sky blue or cherry-colored crepe. It's the perfect type of hostess gown this year. You might add gold buttons and a gold and blue Chinese bracelet for special effect. Or pearls to fill in that lovely simple neckline.

If you're the type that can go quaint and look adorable in the process, No. 4065 is your perfect gown to work the transformation in. Its full skirt and tight bodice and the squared neckline are enchanting for the young and slender. It would be lovely in a soft greyed-blue or pink taffeta, with a flowered bodice top in the same shades. Or black with a metallic top.

For your dining and dancing dates over the holidays, here are two of the new short dinner dresses. No. 4017 has the new draped neckline and softly gathered peplum blouse. A grand neck for a clip or new clip watch set in jewels.

The tricky new waistline in No. 4071 gives it an exciting line. The V'd insets with gathers falling from them give you waistline smoothness but interesting skirt fullness in front. The neckline is new, too, with its slashed yoke. This would be extra smart in a flame or bright green or blue crepe. Description on page 36.



NOW'S THE time to tuck yourself into a smart little dress that will see you through busy days of shopping and all the other holiday-time business you have to get done before and after working hours.

Here are four new designs for midwinter dresses that will be useful at home or in an office, at meetings or in shops. The plasteron effect in No. 4059 gives a military touch to an otherwise softly feminine dress, and the skirt panels add another interesting line. Try it in the new persimmon (golden orangy) red, or the dark, purplish ruby known as burma, with black accessories.

The newest trend to middy suits is typified by No. 4054, with its classic blouse top, smart collar and shoulder gathers. You could do the skirt and belt in bottle green, the top in sulphur. Or navajo rust with china blue. Or all a rich dark brown.

The perfect little dress that you can do anything with is No. 4048, with its high collarless neckline. Black with a rope of white solid beads would be smart. Grand for furs.

Something a little fussier is No. 4034, with peplum effect in the tunic. Try it in beige with an emerald collar. Or black with mustard.

Pattern descriptions on page 36



## ☆ DAYTIME CLASSICS FOR THE BUSY DAYS AHEAD

The rest of the head was helmeted in bandages. On the neck and arms were some terrible scars that made Mrs. Kennery think this must be a previous burn case on which skin grafting was being done. While her fingers, which consternation made clumsy, tied the ends of yarn in Frances' weaving, she looked at the beds across the room.

Straw-blond pigtailed chose that moment to drop her paper dolls. She was cutting out, but under difficulties, for a cast bent her right arm out at an angle; she could just manage to hold the paper with the right fingers, while she used the scissors with the left.

"How lucky you're left-handed!" Mrs. Kennery exclaimed, stooping for the paper dolls. She found herself surprisingly at a loss; it was one thing to visit your own sick child, another to visit strange children. She didn't know what to say to them.

"I'm not left-handed, really," the child replied casually, "but after I had the infantile p'ralasys I kind of learned to be."

The fourth patient was much younger, perhaps only about four, with light blue eyes and light red hair, homely but quaint. She was sitting up in bed. "I get to go home," she chanted, bouncing as much as the hard hospital springs would allow. "I get to go home, I get to go home today!"

"She had the 'pendicitis, but it's well now," Frances stated.

"Oh!" Marcia said. "And are the rest of you going home for Christmas, too?" The minute she heard herself say it she wondered what had become of the tact she was so proud of. There was the least stop before the child with the bandaged head said, "No."

"Poof!" Frances exclaimed. It was hard to tell about ages, but Mrs. Kennery thought Frances might be eleven or twelve. "They have a awful, awful good time here, Christmas. I was here nearly four months, last winter, so I know. I wouldn't want to go home."

"My little girl is in that room across the hall," said Mrs. Kennery helplessly, and made for the door. She felt as if these children, so calm in their acceptance of what life did to them, had found her lacking in something. Social poise, perhaps, or maybe some even more essential human quality. "Her name is Daphne," she finished lamely. "She likes your singing."

"Does she? We'll sing some more," Frances called after her. It wasn't a

Christmas song they began, but a spirited rendition of "She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain When She Comes."

Mrs. Kennery went looking for the fourth floor supervisor, finally sighting her in that ward at the end of the hall, helping another nurse do something about that queer boilerlike contraption, the iron lung. When she came out, Mrs. Kennery learned that the doctor had not left orders permitting Daphne to go home that day. He was, however, expected back at five o'clock. The supervisor seemed to have a good deal on her mind; her eyes kept travelling back into the ward as she talked to Mrs. Kennery. And to her coming afternoon probably didn't look a long expanse of time, but to Mrs. Kennery it did.

When it was time for the patients' rest period, twelve to two, Marcia Kennery went out and got lunch. Daphne was still asleep when she returned, so she went to have a word with Miss Elliott, finding the superintendent in her office.

"Oh, do you think Dr. Baldwin will let me take her home?" she ended. Miss Elliott looked at her consideringly, from those steadfast grey eyes. She knew these well-to-do parents who insist on taking their children home at the earliest moment; the un-well-to-do parents who would leave theirs in the hospital's charge indefinitely, were also in the width of her experience. Though no one had told her, she judged Daphne was an only child, tended too anxiously for her own good, and all the spiritual and physical advantages that might have nurtured three or four children expended on one. A pity not to make so much go a little farther, the superintendent thought.

"What I do know is, Dr. Baldwin will order whatever's best for your little girl," she said briskly, getting up from her desk. "Come, you'd like to see the roomful of toys we have waiting for Christmas."

"But where do they all come from?" Mrs. Kennery exclaimed a moment later. Even she, whose child might be termed a connoisseur of toys, was impressed by this storeroom's version of Santa's workshop. And these weren't old toys, either, though some were homemade; all were fresh and gay and bright enough to set a small child's heart jingling. And there were hundreds.

"Oh, they're sent from all over town.

MISS

Elizabeth Prioleau  
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Her debut, at the Debutantes' Club, Atlanta. Gay, vivacious, lovely, this debutante is the toast of Atlanta and Charleston society. Of her beauty care she confides: "A Woodbury Facial Cocktail gives my complexion date-appeal. I smooth on a rich lather of Woodbury Soap—then rinse. Soil and that tired look vanish, and my skin's fresh as a rain-washed flower."

## Engagement Rings for Debs who Take a Woodbury Facial Cocktail

Cholly Knickerbocker

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THIS LITTLE CAREER GIRL KNOWS THE SECRET



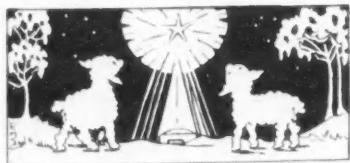
1. Miss Marguerite Johnson, interior decorator of Beverly Hills, Calif., has plans for evening.



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Cornucopias of all sorts and sizes are used with great effectiveness for purely decorative purposes or as the distributors of small Christmas favors or gifts. One of gold metallic paper spreads iridescent balls amidst greenery and pine cones across the beautiful lace cloth of a Christmas table. On another table, a round one, laid with a green cloth, six red metallic paper cornucopias radiate starwise from a metallic star centre, spilling sprays of huckleberry, golden balls, and a surprise favor for each guest.



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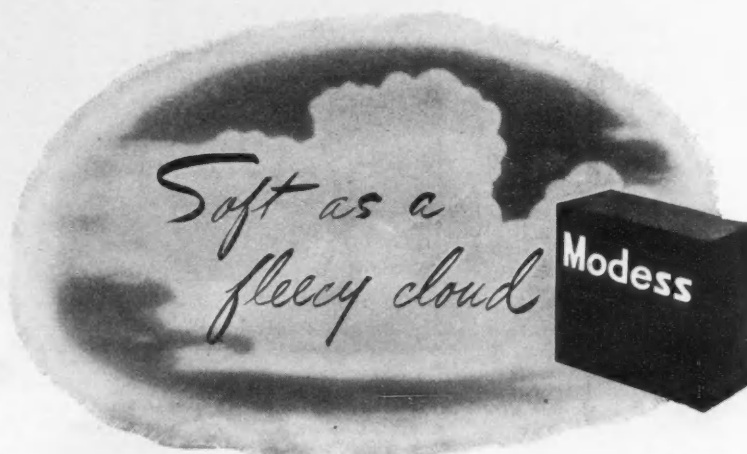
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## *So You're Going Back to Work ::* Cont'd from page 30

doesn't fit in with the clear-cut efficiency of a modern office almost before he notices anything else. Then, see that your dress or suit fits perfectly and easily. Not too tight, not too short.

**Study Your Higher-Ups.** If a youngster in from business school starts to try to look like the chief's secretary, it may be silly. But the older woman can always afford to look like an executive, because she hasn't the gap of years to be bridged, or the silly symphony of romances to go through, before she's ready to settle down. There's absolutely nothing for you like a well-cut, but not too severely tailored suit, with a change of two or three simply made but soft blouses.

**Don't Wear Black.** That's pretty good as a general rule. Black will tell on your morning weariness, your five o'clock fatigue more quickly than anything else. And you don't want to look drab. Choose some of the lovely soft new colors, like air force blue, or a greyed-green, or pine green, or one of the half dozen becoming wine tones, instead.

**Hair and Make-Up Rules.** One of the things that keep the youngsters up on their toes as to make-up and hairdos is the fact that at any moment their future husband may come in the door. You probably haven't that incentive, so you'll need to watch carefully that your nose doesn't get shiny and your lips don't get dull and pale. Your hair is almost the most important part of your whole appearance. Get a good permanent, have a hair stylist show you a simple, becoming way of doing it, and then stick to it. You don't have to dye it to "get the job," because older women are more and more in demand these days. But if you want it touched up, see that it's properly done with the

best possible products. You can't afford to take chances. An older woman who has done silly things about changing the color of her hair looks ridiculous. That's the one thing you can't afford to be.

**Your Accessories.** You, above all people, must choose your accessories with care. Again, you are more likely to err on the drab side than the overdone. With your plain suit or dress choose a really striking lapel pin, or a pair of birds or animal or floral clips. And close-fitting earrings are quite often the one touch you need to set off your mature smartness. So be sure to try the effect of earrings with all your business clothes (the simple, button kind).

A good bag, good comfortable shoes, dull-toned silk or lisle stockings and dark gloves to match your coat or suit are your best bets. You can get a gay, colored hat and a bright scarf or clip to set you off. Be sure the shoes are comfortable. Why not get one of those smart little odd jackets of wool or flannel to slip on if the temperature changes in the office, rather than an old sweater? Unless your office calls for smocks, I wouldn't wear one. Dressing exactly like the younger girls makes the difference in your years more obvious.

**Be Yourself.** Finally, don't try to make yourself over. Slip into your job as quietly as possible, showing the rest of the staff that you're not going to be too assertive. But as you get to know the routine, don't be afraid to see that your ideas and your suggestions get to headquarters. You should be clear of a lot of adolescent cluttering that often keeps younger girls from getting to the top quickly. Hitch your wagon to the best job in the office—and you can get it! ■

## *No Crib for His Bed ::* Continued from page 7

shaggy with them, and Marcia, parking outside the hospital, hoped they could get Daphne home before the snow began in a big way.

Christmas had moved in on Horton Memorial. A dozen Junior League girls, in trim smart dresses, were helping the hospital electrician untangle strings of Christmas tree lights in the lobby, where a nursery of small firs bristled sturdily, dark green and fragrant, waiting to be trimmed.

She started down the hall and overtook Miss Elliott coming out of her office; but beyond a smile of greeting, the superintendent was too busy for her. Marcia's eyes followed her into a waiting room and sketched a swift impression of a woman and man, in gloomy clothes, who jumped up nervously as the superintendent entered. "Poor things," thought Marcia vaguely. She was in a hurry, hoping to catch the doctor on his morning rounds.

She missed him, however; for when she had kissed Daphne, observing thankfully the look of a good night's rest, she asked if the doctor had been in this morning.

"Oh, yes, he has already," the little girl said carelessly. "But please, Mummy, won't you make my door stay open, the way it was? 'Cause look, if I just le-e-ean out of bed, like this, I can almost see that little girl in the corner bed across the hall. Her name is

Frances, I asked the nurse. And if that little girl was to just le-e-ean out a little herself, I could see her."

"I'll go and ask her to, darling." How good it was to see Daphne well enough to take an interest in her surroundings!

MRS. KENNERY had meant only to stand in the door of the ward, but plainly, to the children in this hospital, any grown-up person who appeared was subject to call. From the corner bed the child named Frances spoke up eagerly.

"Oh! Please would you come and tie a knot in my weaving?"

"I don't know if I'm supposed to come inside," Mrs. Kennery hesitated. "I just wanted to ask you to lean out of bed far enough to wave to the little girl across the hall."

"I can't," said Frances in a matter-of-fact way.

"She can't," the one in the next bed explained, "cause most of her's in a cast."

It was true. The little girl named Frances had the freedom of her arms and of those bony little hands busy with colored yarn, and that was about all. Mrs. Kennery, standing by the bed full of embarrassed distress, glanced at the child in the next bed and as quickly away again. For of that little girl, the bright black eyes, the perky nose and a grin no less engaging for the lack of a couple of teeth, were all you could see.

people could look inside the narrow room. A small Christmas tree was bright with sapphire, garnet and emerald lights and glittering with ornaments, on the stand beside the bed.

The couple looked discouraged from their drooping shoulders to their shabby worn-down shoes. They were inconspicuously holding hands. And their silence, as they stood there looking in at the child and the brave lights of the tree, somehow rang in her ears and told her more than if they'd spoken.

Mrs. Kennery couldn't bring herself to tell Walter about Daphne until after dinner. Hilya had thought of their favorite foods. The dining room fire snapped, the floors and silver were highly shining, the holly wreaths thought they meant Christmas, but this house had no soul in it, only a strange order and quiet that said, "There is no child here." Hilya actually—bless the girl—cried, when Marcia told them Daphne couldn't come home.

Walter's fair-colored face looked bruised with disappointment. "Well . . ." he said. "Well, gosh . . . of course the doctor knows best. But I'd got the Christmas tree delivered; it's in the garage. I was going to put it up tonight. Guess I won't bother. Isn't as if we had a houseful of kids."

She was touchy; she thought he needn't have said it; so she went away to the spare room to make a choice of toys to take to Daphne in the hospital. And pretty soon Walter found her sitting on the floor in front of the enormous doll house with its large unmodern family. He sat down beside her and offered his big clean handkerchief, holding her close against his shoulder as if she were a frightened child. The only trouble with that was, Marcia, feeling his pity welling up through his words, his gentle touch, knew past a doubt that Walter Kennery hadn't married a woman he'd expected to pity.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE morning, when they woke, a fine thick fall of snow was sifting down and sticking like confectioner's sugar. Walter said he'd take the street car to the office, and told Marcia not to get the car out, but call a taxi.

Daphne's huge red be-tinselled Christmas stocking, with bells on its toe, was crammed with all the toys it could hold, and the large doll in the plaid dress gestured gaily from its top. Festive, it looked, she thought, even though this year it would have to hang from the end of a hospital bed. The stocking and the other things—games, books, a quilted housecoat, a pair of

furred blue velvet slippers—made rather a large package. Marcia didn't care.

The taxi slurred and clanked its chains up the long slithery incline of hospital hill, and Mrs. Kennery, who had been looking down at the whitening city, suddenly rapped sharply to make the driver stop. Hunched into themselves against the cold, a man and woman were plodding uphill toward Horton Memorial, and they were the ones she'd seen outside room 401, the ones with discouraged shoulders.

After they were inside the taxi, and had heard how she'd known they were going her way, they in their turn explained how they'd missed the bus and decided to walk instead of wait in the cold. But something made Mrs. Kennery wonder if the paper sack from the ten cent store, which the woman held in gloves darned at the tips, didn't contain a Christmas present which a couple of bus fares had gone to buy—a present for a child.

As for her own enormous festive bundle, Mrs. Kennery suddenly felt funny about it. Also she wanted to ask about the patient in 401, but she was afraid to because of the puzzled look in these people's eyes. When they got to the hospital, the man and woman had to stop at the office, while she for her part could go straight up to Daphne's room. But this too made her feel a little queer.

Daphne was propped up, regarding the little tree that glittered by her bed with an air of critical approval.

"Isn't it a darling little tree, Mummy?" she breathed. Her mother had hastily pushed the large package in the cupboard.

"Yes, darling, it's a lovely little tree," Marcia agreed, though the tree at home in the garage, the tree Walter wasn't going to bother to put up, would have pricked the living room ceiling with its highest star.

"There's a tree like this in every single room," Daphne told her, "and bigger ones in the wards. They've got a lovely one across the hall; I saw it when they took it in." She turned serious blue eyes, still darkly circled, and measured her mother.

"You know something, Mummy?" she said. "I hope you aren't going to feel too very disappointed, but I asked the doctor when he came this morning if he thought I better go home for Christmas and he said he thought I better not."

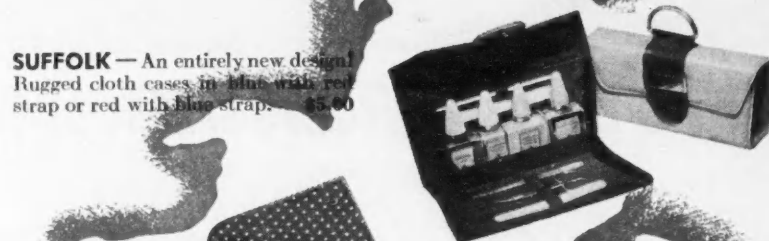
She reached and took her mother's hand and began to play with the tapering fingers, touching gently at the brightly glazed almond-shaped nails. "He said," the child added, "I ought to



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## Christmas IDEA

Children and grownups too will enjoy a fire that produces lovely colored flames. Their enjoyment will still the chatter for many a blissful Christmas minute. Chemicals added to shellac and the mixture painted onto small bits of wood, or chemicals and shellac mixed with sawdust put into the fire, give the desired effects. For a violet-colored flame, potassium chlorate; for yellow, potassium nitrate; for orange, calcium chloride; for yellow, sodium chloride (salt); for red, strontium nitrate; for apple-green, barium nitrate; for emerald, copper nitrate; for green, borax and for purple, lithium chloride.



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## "Bill Todd — how can you spank that child on Christmas!"



A young father learns how to settle one child problem the easy way!

1. I've always said taking care of kids was a woman's job. But I never realized how much I meant it until my

wife went off to the hospital to have our second baby. I was home all alone with young Bill—and boy, was I scared!



2. Things weren't going too badly till Christmas Day. Billy needed a laxative and so I got mine and tried to give him some of it. Well, you've *never* heard a rumpus like the one Billy made when he saw that laxative!



3. He simply refused to take it. When I tried to force it down him, he got even by spitting it all over my new tie. I was just about to smack him when my wife's sister walked in. She knows a lot about kids. She works for a children's doctor.



4. "What are you giving that child?" she asked. "An *adult* laxative? One that tastes bad, too! You could shock the child's nervous system that way! Billy should get a laxative made especially for children. Doctor recommends Castoria."



5. "You can really rely on Castoria," she added. "It's thorough yet mild. There isn't a single harsh, purging drug in it. Let me run down and get you a bottle right now. It's safe and efficient and I bet it will solve Billy's laxative problems for years!"



6. When she came back, I gave Billy a dose of Castoria and sure enough—he loved it! Why, he even insisted on putting the bottle under the tree with the rest of his presents! And now, we're never without Castoria. It's the best answer I know to a child's laxative problem.



**Now—Mrs. Todd Saves Money on Castoria!** By buying the large family-size bottle of Castoria, you make a worth-while saving. Ask your druggist for the family-size bottle.

### CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative made especially for children.

Girls' groups, Sunday School classes, women's clubs, you know. They seem to love to dress dolls and collect toys. Our children are lucky. And let's choose a doll, now, for your Daphne to take home to remind her of her stay with us."

Mrs. Kennery would have thought that was the last thing they'd want to be reminded of, but trailed politely along. Daphne was not exactly in need of a doll, either. She had a couple of dozen or so, already; while awaiting her Christmas was the new doll-house family, with eight children, mother, father, grandma and two maids. Further since a little girl's Christmas stocking is not complete without a beautiful new doll to beckon from its top, Mrs. Kennery had made a painstaking survey of the doll population of the local stores before she chose her favorite, a delightful school girl in plaid, with soft light hair the color of Daphne's own. Mrs. Kennery liked that doll herself.

"What about this one?" Miss Elliott held up a highly realistic infant. Daphne had one at home, like it but larger. Mrs. Kennery looked along the shelf, embarrassed at the idea of Daphne receiving a doll someone had intended for an "underprivileged" child. Earlier that month she had helped Daphne sort out a great hamper of her toys for "poor children." Farther down the shelf she saw a rag doll, with braids of yarn hair, and old-fashioned dimity frock with ruffles. This at any rate had cost nothing but someone's time and trouble.

"Oh, how darling," she said. "Daphne would adore this!"

IN THE HALL outside 407 at half-past five, Dr. Baldwin's head made the half-turn that said "No," saving him the word. "She's progressing well," he acknowledged, "but it won't be wise to take her home for a few days yet. Turning much colder tonight, too. She's safer here."

His manner did not show he knew that at his words the Kennery Christmas shattered the way a bright fragile Christmas ornament shatters if you drop it on the floor.

Mrs. Kennery couldn't tell Daphne. Peaceful and drowsy, at the day's end, the child lay clasping the new rag doll, for which she had conceived an instant affection. Time enough to tell her, tomorrow. The mother brushed a kiss and tiptoed from the room.

Down the hall outside 401 with its "Positively No Admittance" warning, stood two people. They were the ones she'd seen in the waiting-room with the superintendent, that morning. The nurse inside 401 had parted the muslin curtains over the glass of the door so that though they might not enter, these

### Pattern Descriptions

No. 4050—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 39-inch for dress; ¾ yard of 39-inch or 54-inch fabric for contrast. Price, 25 cents.

No. 4034—Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 35-inch; ½ yard of 35-inch or 39-inch for contrast. Price, 25 cents.

No. 4048—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 10 requires 3½ yards of 39-inch; 2½ yards of 54-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.

No. 4034—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires 4½ yards of 39-inch; 2½ yards of 54-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.

No. 4065—Sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16. Size 16 requires 1½ yards of 35-inch lace, 5½ of 39-inch fabric for skirt and 36½ yards of ¾-inch lace edging. Price, 20 cents.

No. 4017—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 54-inch fabric. 25 cents.

No. 4044—Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44. Size 38 requires 5½ of 39-inch velvet; 5½ of 35-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.

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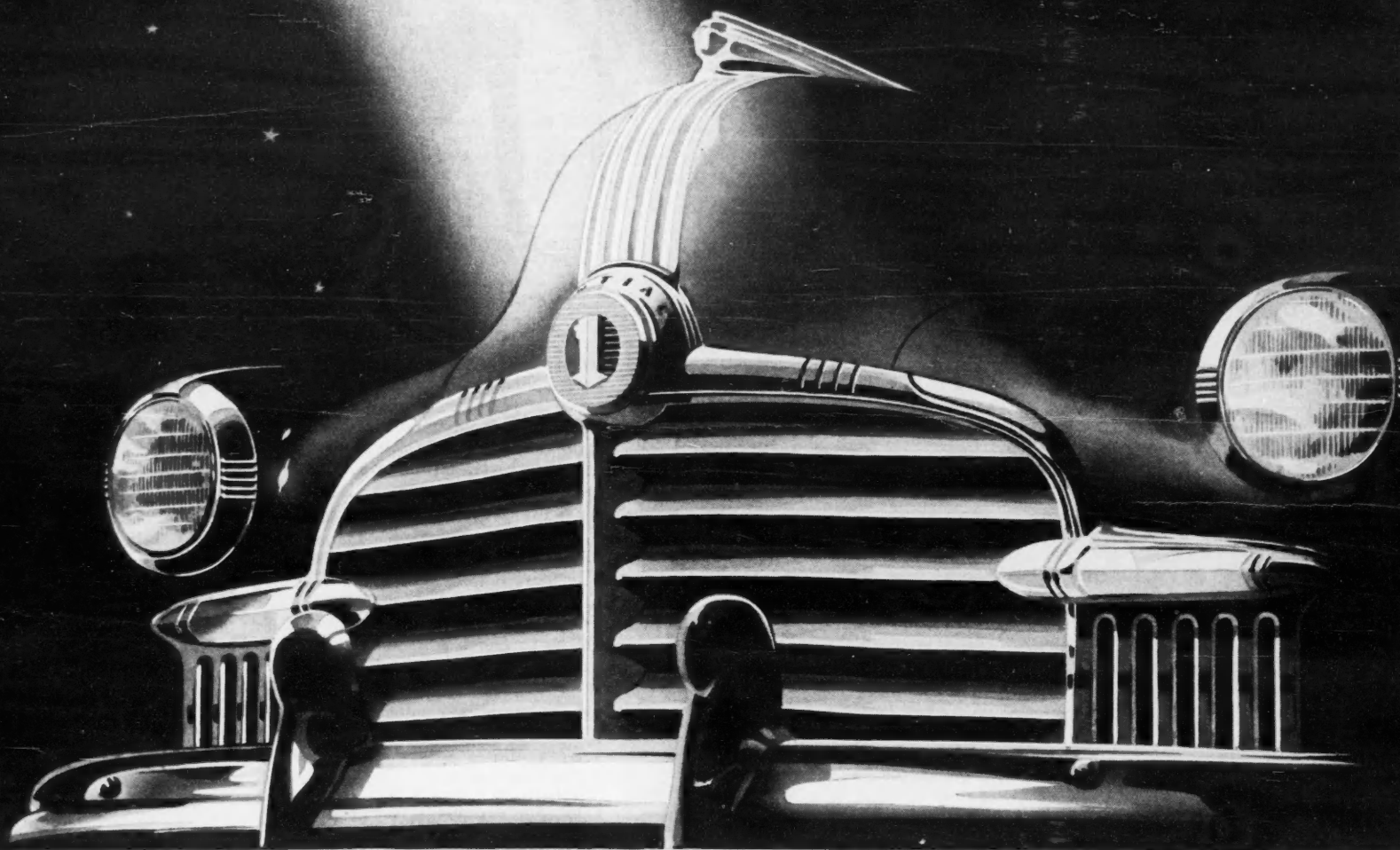
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# CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE

try and not let you and Daddy mind too much. So I hope you won't."

In the pause during which Marcia wouldn't trust her voice, her mind made note of the fact that the hospital was by no means quiet this morning. A youngster in a ward down the hall was doing quite a job on the mouth organ. A radio was going, and over across the way the little girls in the ward, after a lot of giggling and chatter, were singing again.

"That's a pretty song, isn't it, Mummy? I learned it in kindergarten." And tentatively, Daphne joined in, "Away in a manger, No Crib for His bed—"

"Oh, Mummy," she broke off urgently, "Oh, Mummy, there's something I do want just awfully bad, this Christmas, almost as much as I want a little brother or sister!"

"A little—But good gracious, child, you want a doll house!" Marcia cried. "You know you couldn't possibly have a brother or sister on such short notice. They have to be arranged for a long time ahead. You remember, I told you."

"Yes, I suppose so," the child agreed sensibly. "It would be like in the song, there'd be no crib for his bed."

"But we asked Santa for the doll house, darling," Marcia pressed anxiously. "Remember how you wanted it?"

"Yes," the child said, "it'll be nice. But I can't very well have a doll house here in the hospital; there wouldn't be any place to put it. I 'spect Santa will leave it at home for me, don't you?" Holding to her original idea, she went on, in her gentle little reasonable voice.

"This is something I want so awfully much, and I could have it here, Mummy, right in this hospital. E-e-easily!"

"What is it then, darling?" Taking this for all practical purposes to be a promise, Daphne changed instantly from appeal to animation.

"Oh, Mummy! Goody, I knew you'd let me! Well, you know that ward across the hall, where the girls have been singing? One of those girls went home last night so there's a bed va—vacationed . . .?"

"Vacant, darling."

"Yes, vacant, and I want to be put in that bed and have those other girls for company. Could I, Mummy?"

"But Daphne . . ." Marcia stammered. "But, but darling . . ."

"Oh, Mummy, the only thing I ever really mind about being sick is having to miss school and the children to play with! So I thought, I just thought, it would be so nice, to be with other children at Christmas. Oh, please, please, don't get ready to say No!"

Frail fingers strained hard against her own. Marcia said, "W-why, darling, I'll ask the doctor; I'll ask Miss Elliott. But if you're in a ward, you know, I can't come and stay, except just in visiting hours. I was—Daddy and I were—planning to spend all Christmas Day with you. And in the ward, we can't."

Daphne weighed this briefly. "Oh, well. That would be all right, Mummy. I'd know you were coming as soon as you could. But all the rest of the day, and all the time I'm here, I'd be with those other girls. And it isn't often I get a chance like this, you know."

A nurse came crisply along the corridor, closing doors and pulling muslin over the glass. "We'll just have this closed for a little," she said pleasantly to Mrs. Kennerly.

A stretcher rolled rapidly past, but the nurses with it were not saying reassuring words to the short figure that lay so still, all covered over with white.

This wasn't simply a case going to, or coming from, surgery. Somehow she knew that this little child was going away altogether.

Marcia Kennerly suddenly pictured a door, and it was the door of 401 with the "Positively No Admittance" sign, and a man and woman standing outside. She couldn't stand it, she had to find out; so when the stretcher had gone around the corner, she slipped into the hall. But the door of 401 told her nothing; only, the sign had been taken away.

She had the strangest sensation, then, of her life: she felt that the child had belonged to her. It was so powerful a feeling, she had to put herself into some sort of instant action, and dashed down the three flights to the superintendent's office to make arrangements for Daphne to be moved into the ward.

THERE WERE carollers in groups on the different floors of Horton Memorial on Christmas afternoon when Marcia and Walter Kennerly joined the happy jostle in the lobby.

So far it had been a queer Christmas; not even like the first Christmas of their marriage, because then Daphne had been already on her way. That Christmas morning Marcia had scarcely got her breakfast down before it upped again, but she had been immeasurably happy all the same. "Oh, Walter, I don't mind a bit. Next year the baby will be here for Christmas with us!"

Well, that was seven years ago, before all this long anxiety over Daphne had made her lose her nerve.

If Marcia had happened to look into the ward at the end of the hall, she would have seen that the iron lung had been taken away, being, since yesterday, no longer needed there. She didn't happen to look, however, because her attention was snatched by the open door of 401.

A child, low on the pillow, was gazing at the little lighted tree, which had a good show of toys around its base. But today those shoulders looked straight with courage, the shoulders of the man and woman she'd given the lift up the hill. In fact when Mrs. Kennerly, instead of whisking past with her usual well-mannered concern for other people's business, paused and looked in, they had smiles that went on as quickly as Christmas lights. Then the woman knew her and jumped up, coming to the door. She gestured toward the child.

"I hope—I hope it's all right," she said. The child was clasping a very pretty doll, with blond hair and a bright plaid dress. "That doll, I mean. The nurse said your little girl had got another one from the hospital, so she wanted to give this one away. Hope you don't mind."

"But of course not," Mrs. Kennerly gulped. "I wanted her to share . . . and I'm, oh, I'm so glad your little girl is better!" She had that queer feeling again, that this child, too, in a sort of way was hers, and all the other children in the hospital as well.

As she hurried after Walter, Marcia could hear the singing coming from the little girls in the ward, and even thought she could hear Daphne's voice singing with them, shrill and small but clear.

"Away in a manger,  
No crib for His bed,  
The little Lord Jesus  
Laid down His sweet head.  
The stars in the sky  
Looked down where He lay,  
The little Lord Jesus  
Asleep in the bay." ❖




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The assurance that you'll write, eases the pang of parting — and resolve now that you'll write often.

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with a brilliant green grasshopper clipped to the handle, and match it with another grasshopper on the lapel of a dark suit. Clip scarlet cherries at the throat of an air-force blue dressmaker suit and add tiny cherry cluster earrings under a matching blue back-dropping pancake beret.

#### FROM JEWELLERY TO HURRICANES!

In gathering material for this article, CHATELAINE came upon another news story—how the jewellers of Canada are raising \$100,000 for Hurricanes.

Our jewellers, and their staffs, in both the retail and wholesale trades, by organizing for this Fund, are not only bringing Victory closer—but, by the brilliant success of their efforts are showing the way to other industries.

Although the Hurricane Fund opened only in mid-September, already over \$90,000 has been collected.

How? By every jeweller and employee pledging to give one-half cent out of every dollar made to this—their own Fund.

It is authorized under the War Charities Act, and is a unique and powerful demonstration of what can be achieved by united and vigorous work.

**Thanks! Mr. Hitler**

Continued from page 26

the humbug he has abolished—caste stupidities and suchlike. There are lots more—and it sort of does one's heart good these days to dwell on them. But they all add up to the same thing—that it isn't possible to touch disaster and remain the same. And mostly, I believe, such change is for the better."

"A nice comfortable theory," agreed Phelan politely. "Let's hear some more. What would your ideas be, for instance, on the superb levelling process that goes on in this thing called life? So that when a fellow seems to have everything—too much even, let us admit—bingo! And the punishment, have you noticed, Vivian, always fits the crime? A genius with a fiddle will jamb his little patty hand, and smash goes that precious index finger! A singer will burst a blood vessel in his throat—Even the pampered boy, star athlete of the campus a decade ago, got it where he felt it most..."

"Where?" demanded Vivian squarely. "In his body—or his vanity?"

He went white to the lips. Vivian dared not meet the stunned, the *et tu, Brute!* look she knew she would see in his eyes... (He's got to snap out of himself, she argued desperately. I must make him see...)

"Glory, Phelan!" she urged. "You're never finished till you are dead. Maybe you'll hate me forever for having the nerve to talk to you like this. But I—I guess I've got to take the chance. You're such a swell guy. Too swell to sit through your life like a broody old hen because you can't do the dashing things people maybe always connected with Phelan Forbes." Her head went up, and now her eyes, big and soft, were on his, shining with the things she dared not say. "Maybe it is easy for me to talk," she said quietly. "I started from the bottom and worked up. Not easy. But a darn sight easier, I guess, than starting at the top and having every thing turn to ashes in your mouth."

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**SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT** tightens loose surface skin. Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excess surface oil. Dissolve Saxolite Astringent in one-half pint witch hazel and use this tingling face lotion daily.

**PHELACTINE DEPILOYATORY** removes unsightly facial hair quickly. Easy to use. No unpleasant odor.



Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-looking shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 50¢ at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

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TO STUDENTS—TO HOUSEWIVES  
TO EVERYONE ON YOUR LIST

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...giving-in to  
"Regular pain!"

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with **DURA-GLOSS**



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Spicy DURA-GLOSS Shades  
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## DURA-GLOSS

FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FINGERNAILS IN THE WORLD

## How to Wear the New Jewellery

Continued from page 16

and brown tones, and tiny shells miraculously fashioned into exquisite sets including necklaces, bracelets and earrings.

**Glamour Pins.** Still going strong for lapels and bodice and pocket ornaments. New ones are large and glittering, or shiny enamel. Distinctively Canadian are the beautiful hand-carved Canadian wild birds—ducks, geese, etc., designed by Marion Morton, of Toronto. Every kind of bird, animal and fish is outlined



Wear a glamour pin on your hat, to match the one on your dress.

in sparkling stones for unusual pins—everything from crabs to crickets and flower sprays of every imaginable sort. One of the new combinations is a large rhinestone glamour pin with slender bracelet and beautifully studded evening bag to match.

**Lapel Watches.** The newest are tiny watches, outlined in diamonds or brilliants, set in scintillating swords or brilliant propellers or romantic hearts.

Of course, the beautifully jewelled wrist watch is still a classic, especially done to match a wedding and engagement ring.

**Clips.** Fewer rhinestone ones (rhinestone stocks are going down, and no more are available from Europe). Worn almost always in pairs, threesomes or foursomes, on hat and neckline, turban and pockets, etc. Or to match earrings. Or to match bag ornaments. Bird and flower designs are tops.

**Bracelets.** Solid bands of color, beads or brilliants worn several at a time, or matching necklaces, earrings or clips.

**Rings.** A few dinner rings, particularly Chinese. Combined green and white and yellow gold make unusual settings for precious or semiprecious stones.

**Military Jewellery.** Most popular in Canada today. Identification bracelets in gold or silver, smaller than worn by men in the services, but similar in design. Air force, Army and Navy crests and badges of all sorts, done in brilliants, enamel or precious stones, for next-of-kin of men in the services. "V" pins and clips and wings, propellers, maple leaves and British flags designed in colored stones or brilliants or metal for wear with everything. Old military insignia, worn by sweethearts or husbands in the last war, coming back for resetting as their sons join the same units and regiments.

### How to Wear Your Jewellery

**Above the Shoulderline.** Most of the new jewellery centres around the head and neckline. Earrings are the biggest item. If you have lovely ears, sweep your hair up and get the most elaborate ones you can find. You will need a long outer earline for the inch-long kind that go right up almost to the top of the ear. If your ears aren't as lovely as they might be, get the drop kind that draw attention down toward your shoulders. Buttons, in different colors to match or contrast your outfits, are best for street wear. Don't wear long drop earrings if your neck is short and not too slender.

Brilliant and heavily studded effects are best with dinner or party clothes.

Long strings of beads help to get you bust length. Don't wear short heavy chokers if your neck is short. Clips set far apart on your shoulders will broaden them. Placed low on your neckline, will draw attention to it.

Try birds with wings spread (in pins or clips) in pairs, one above the other, on a sweater or suit lapel. Wear a flower spray on a breast pocket, another on the opposite side skirt pocket. Buy four clips alike, using two on a sweetheart neckline, two at either side of one of the new draped hats or turbans. Clip two pins on the front of your neckline, one on the top front of your hat, or one at the V of your neck, two on your hat, to form a triangular effect.

**Sets Are Smartest.** Jewellery is one thing you'd better not try to mix. Neither different stones, patterns nor designs go well together. Wear a Wedgwood ring and pendant with a quaint dinner dress of deep wine. Try a triple set of solid deep green, amber and tortoiseshell opera-length beads with a violet sweater. Wear a matching string and bracelet of stained burnt orange cork seeds against a pale yellow wool jacket and brown dress. Clip gold metal bows on the pockets of a cerise crepe classic dinner dress, and tinier ones to match on your ears. Wear a white clear bead choker on a black dress with a white bracelet. Pin a white enamel wild goose (or a pair) on a black suit lapel, and wear white button earrings. Wear Chinese bracelets and earrings, in those lovely strange blues and



The new jewellery centres around the head and neckline.

reds, with gold or silver metal cloth cocktail dress or tunic and long crepe skirt. And you might add clips to match to your gold or silver sandals.

Get an exquisite set of Canadian-designed grape clusters in rich purple stones and old silver, in bracelet, earrings and clips. Carry a red handbag

But there was no panic. And it was still.

Gradually, as their eyes grew accustomed to the dark, they made out the dim shapes of the other ships in the convoy. Some were lumbering old freighters, between which the *Star of Hope* cut in and out, threading her speedier way. The convoy was dispersing. Every ship on its own. And the liner was just passing close to starboard of one of the freighters when the second explosion came. A terrific detonation that shivered the *Star of Hope* from bow to stern, seeming to ripple the very steel of her hull, as a torpedo struck the port beam of the freighter.

Vivian put her fingers in her ears to shut out the screams from the stricken ship. With a queer empty feeling in her stomach she thought—And we daren't even stop to help . . .

"Mama," cried Joan—and in the darkness her upraised face was like a small white button—"that sounded like a bomb. Are we going to drown?"

"No! No, no, *cariad!* Don't you be fussing now, there is a good girl. Mama will take care of you."

Vivian could hear the child's teeth chattering.

"Here," she said, loosening the lower buttons of her long fur coat. "Creep under here, Joannie! There's loads of room and it will keep you warm."

"I want my Mama," shivered Joan.

Understandable—and only human nature. And yet the child's refusal hurt, stressing within Vivian a strange, unaccustomed sense of aloneness. Ah, the bunk! she decided scornfully. Paddle your own canoe, Vivi . . .

But the old charm that had carried her successfully through the years to such prideful independence for once did not seem to work. Instead she found herself thinking: If a torpedo hits us, the chances are I am going to drown. She added flatly: And who will care?

For a moment that thought seemed to paralyze her. Then she drew a sharp breath. A heckuva note, she told herself caustically, for an independent bachelor girl!

But there it was. And Vivian knew it was the truth. It was just as her mother had warned her. At the end she was alone . . .

THIS FREEDOM then, that she had lived for and struggled for, in itself it was not enough. *One was just lonely.* Standing there on a bitter-cold deck, waiting from moment to moment for disaster to strike, Vivian understood at last that there was no difference between freedom of spirit and loneliness of spirit—unless that freedom was bound in chains of loyalty to something other than itself . . .

That was what her mother had meant. And that, Vivian saw, was how her mother had lived her life—and called it happiness—with a failure like Harry Moss . . .

"Mrs. Howell"—Katherine's grip was urgent, her eyes fixed in the direction of the wireless room—"do you think your friend is in there?"

"Tudor, you do mean? Yes, yes! He will be in there, for sure."

There was a pause.

Then Katherine said in a thin whisper, as though the words were forced through her unwilling mouth:

"You knew him when he was a boy, didn't you?"

"Yes, indeed. And his mama and his dada. We were good friends always."

A pang of remembering seemed to stir within Katherine at the familiar, quaint Welsh phrasing. So Tudor had

always spoken of his parents—my mama and my dada—with such affection and such possessive pride. Those parents, Katherine reminded herself, that she had consistently refused to meet . . . (But they want to know my girl! Come home with me this leave, Kitty . . .) At first he had been puzzled, hurt at her excuses; and at last suspicious: (What is it then? Are you too good for us perhaps—hobnobbing with these high and mighty people?)

Katherine's mouth was bitter. She had never dared to tell him the truth—that she was afraid of his people and his home. That when one had never known parents, such words as mama and dada were like a foreign tongue; and when one had been reared in the chill impersonality of an orphanage, a little house warm with the intimacies of family life and calling itself home was something one was frightened to share . . .

Katherine thought bleakly: If I had told him the truth, he would have understood because he loved me. But instead I had to lie and pretend . . .

And no doubt it had sounded more impressive to tell Tudor she was Lady Oxleigh's companion, instead of admitting she had worked her way up from the kitchen in Oxleigh Manor to be a lady's maid . . .

At her side Olwen Howell was whispering:

"God keep you tonight, Tudor *fac!*"

Katherine said sharply:

"Why did you say that?"

"Because I know his stock. They are sticklers, those Evanses, every one of them. Pigheaded I have heard them called even, but never quitters. I know Tudor Evans like he was my own. If we are hit tonight, he will stay by there in that room, signalling to the end."

"But we are not going to be hit." Katherine's voice lifted frantically, cutting the tense, uncanny silence about them. "Those two ships out there have been hit—but not us. We're lucky, I tell you. Lucky!"

No one in the vast concentrating throng took any notice.

Katherine's voice trailed off foolishly into the shadows. And all at once the tears were pouring down her face.

"There, there!" Olwen Howell pressed her hand gently. "Cry you!" she said in her deep sad voice. "A good cry is like a load off the heart . . ."

If I cried from now until doomsday I could never cry the load off my heart, thought Katherine, her throat strangled with its stifled weeping. Tudor! Tudor! You were the only real thing in my life—and I threw you away . . . All that I saw there at the Manor—the rich swells with their clothes and their jewels and their haughty ways—it went to my head, Tudor. Easy enough, I decided, to act high and mighty like them—if I had money. And then I was a favorite with Milady. I was smart at my work, Tudor, and she thought the world of me. "Dear Finch, what would I do without your clever fingers!" she used to say. But she didn't realize how clever those fingers really were. How smart at picking up a jewel here and money there . . . It was easy, Tudor. She was careless. And she had so much she never missed anything . . . Then that day in the Bruton Street house when the bombs came! We ran for the basement shelter—but Milady never got there. Her heart gave out, Tudor . . . I took off her mink coat—what use was it after all to a dead woman? And I snatched the leather case from her hand—who would ever think less than they were buried under the ruins with

# STOP THIEF!



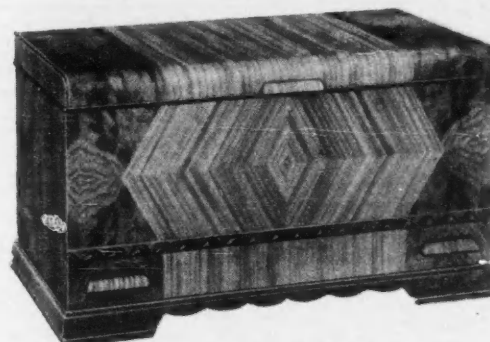
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## VICKS A-B-C PLAN



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**VICKS  
VAPORUB**

You'll Find Complete Details of Vicks ABC Plan in Your Package of Vicks

Someone was tugging at her arm. "Excuse me, please, for interrupting," begged Olwen Howell. "But is it true?" "Is what true?"

Against the whiteness of her face the woman's eyes were more tragic than ever. "The airplanes," she said. "Everybody do say we are beyond the air patrols They have left us. Goneback!" "Why, maybe that's why they were waving so hard!" exclaimed Vivian. "Telling us good-by." She paused, conscious all at once that the big zooming noise that had become as much part of their daytime voyaging as breathing, had suddenly ceased. "The planes have gone," she said, staring up into the empty sky. "Look, Phelan! While we were talking—"

There was no response. And, turning, she saw that Phelan too had gone. Without a word! As though he had been glad of the opportunity . . .

Vivian stood quite still, a queer ache in her heart as she watched his slow and painful retreat across the deck. Well, she thought dully, that is that!

"I guess you are right," she told Olwen at last. "From now on it looks as though we are on our own . . ."

IT CAME in the middle of the night. An explosion, muffled by distance and water; and an awakening from deep sleep to a small sinister second of time in which breathing, sensation, life itself, seemed suspended.

Then the ship's klaxons blared.

They were, of course, all fully dressed. It was only a matter of extra coats and lifebelts.

"I don't believe we have been hit," Katherine informed her roommates. "I think it was one of the ships near by we heard."

"Me too," agreed Vivian. She fastened a silver brandy flask and her cigarette case into the inside pocket of her comfortable beaver coat. Then her quick eyes came to rest on Olwen Howell, whose hands were shaking as she fumbled with Joan's belt.

"Here," she said. "That's my job." Katherine remarked, with what was, for her, unusual consideration, as she slipped her fur coat over a slim but heavy-textured dress: "You'll need more on than that, Mrs. Howell. It will be cold up on deck."

"It is brand-new," rejoined Olwen, buttoning up the cheap, inadequate cloth coat. "And all I have got!" They filed out to join the silent hurrying throng.

There was no panic. Haste, perhaps—and an underlying tension as the shuddering vibration told its own story of the ship's accelerated speed. But no panic at all.

"Where are we going?" demanded Joan sleepily.

"Lifeboat drill," Vivian told her. "Cute, eh? In the middle of the night!"

She spoke as clearly as she could. But though he must have heard, limping but a few feet ahead, Phelan did not turn his head.

It was pitch black up on the boat deck. And, as they fumbled their way to their stations, the ship changed her course so abruptly that people were hurtled one against the other.

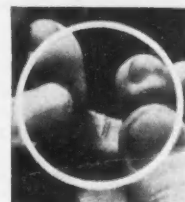
"Hold hands," shouted someone—and it was steadier that way.

For what seemed eternity they stood thus in the black cold, chained to each other, people of all ages and stations of life, of divers races even—but all one in their waiting, their hoping, their fearing and their praying . . .



feet soaked in perspiration

Cracks  
between  
your toes  
**WARN YOU**



The fungi that cause painful Athlete's Foot grow twice as fast when they feed on stale perspiration and dead skin. Then, when cracks appear between the toes, they strike—through those cracks—and spread quickly. It's Athlete's Foot! Look between your toes tonight! Don't take chances. At the first sign of a crack, drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr., full strength, night and morning.

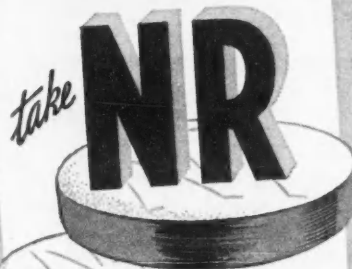
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## ABSORBINE JR.

Kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact!

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Made by the makers of TUMS

## Nature's Remedy NR-TABLETS-NR

# Rayon Fabric QUIZ



On this same page, we've caught your eye with the style-distinction of a new fashion in rayon... in this column we give you the quality story of smart rayon fabrics.

**Q.** Why is quality so much talked about today?

**A.** Interest in quality has been increasing for years... and now, with war-time making it necessary for each and every one of us to stretch our dollars more than ever, quality in merchandise has become of first importance.

**Q.** How about quality in rayon fabrics?

**A.** Quality is to be found at every price level! Well-constructed rayon fabrics have the quality features that give real serviceability... without which you cannot get full value for your money.

**Q.** What features do you mean?

**A.** We mean those things you cannot see... such as fabric construction, strength of seams, fastness of colours... features that make a fabric stand up well to wear and cleaning.

**Q.** I know many quality marks, but what identification is there for better quality rayon fabrics?

**A.** There is a Seal of Approval that puts your mind at rest about rayon quality... it's on Courtaulds "Quality-Control" tag.

**Q.** What does Courtaulds "Quality-Control" mean?

**A.** It means that samples of the rayon fabric so tagged have been tested and approved by the Ontario Research Foundation for tensile and seam strength, colour fastness, washability or dry cleanability. As applied to rayon underwear it indicates that even sizes have been checked, and that the garment can be hot-pressed.

P.O. Box 148, Station B,  
Montreal  
Please send me free booklet,  
"Fashion's Guide to Fabric Quality".  
Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... Prov.....

On Rayon — Look for  
**Courtaulds**  
"QUALITY-CONTROL" TAG

"Nice—to see you again," managed Vivian, with a ghost of her old smile. He put his arms about her.

"Where are we?" she enquired at last. "Heaven knows! This boat was adrift—partly full of water. We piled in as many as we could, thirty all told. The rest—" Phelan broke off, his face grey with the horror of remembering. "We're still adrift," he went on. "But keep your chin up, darling. Someone is sure to be on the lookout for us. The wireless was operating till the last dogshot—"

"The ship!" interrupted Vivian. "What happened?"

"She went to the bottom before we got into this boat even."

"Oh, Phelan! Katherine Finch—and that good-looking wireless operator—"

"They are just two out of about five hundred," he answered sombrely. "Only two lifeboats besides this got clear."

Vivian put her hands up over her face. After a while she said huskily:

"I guess I got her all wrong. I thought she was a phoney. But she wasn't. I saw her with my own eyes take off her mink coat and put it on little Joan Howell—and I'm sure it was lined with more than silk." She said gravely: "I guess Katherine Finch was a mighty grand person after all..."

Phelan drew a piece of sail canvas over her.

"Keep as still as you can," he begged. "It's not rough, but there's a bit of fog creeping up." He pressed her hands in his. "I'll be back," he promised. "It's my shift at the oars."

"Swimming and rowing!" commented Vivian. And, slyly: "Two mighty handy athletic left-overs—eh, Phelan?—for someone who claims life has done him dirt."

## The Hills May Shift :: Continued from page 9

you silly, locking the barn door after the horse is stolen? But rub the cream deep into the skin. Now you can start worrying about lines. Laugh crinkles, you thought those faint lines were. Well, if that's what they are, they should smooth out soon, for what will you ever have to laugh about? Laugh crinkles. Don't kid yourself, Mary. That's age. You're thirty. Is that old? Rose is twenty-three...

She sat looking at the straight figure in the mirror, at the head held so proudly still, until sudden tears blurred the image. Oh, come on, she told herself. Remember all the swell advice you've been handing out to other women who felt like this. Stick tight, you said, it'll blow over. Yeah, cyclones blow over too, but they don't leave much.

She went into Teddy's room and picked him out of his pen. "Up you come, sweetheart. Time for your cereal." Time for you and mother to act as if nothing has happened.

She was always in the kitchen giving Teddy his cereal when Phil came home. And when Phil came in she would say, "Hi, there, Papa. Tell him 'Hi,' Teddy."

And Teddy, his grey eyes serious above the cereal spoon, would lift his hand and say solemnly, "Hi."

Then Mary would say, "Take a look at the meat, will you, Phil? I've got my hands full here."

And Phil would open the oven door, sniff and say, "Hmmm! Swell."

When Teddy had finished his supper, Phil always lifted him onto his back and rode him into the living room, where

His eyes looked deep into hers. Then: "You win," he acknowledged gravely. They drifted for five hours—five ice-cold shivering hours that seemed like five hundred years, in which a boatload of stranded people ran the gamut of human emotions from optimism to numb despair; five hours in which all who could took turns at rowing; in which they clung, desperately, to an ever-waning hope.

And at last they sighted a ship. No one cheered, no one spoke even, as they sent up the red flares from the lifeboat. But you could hear it plainer than talking—that all-consuming dread of thirty nerve-strained people: *What if the ship should pass without seeing them?*

But that nightmare, too, had its end. And presently they could distinguish dim figures hanging over the deckrail of what seemed to be a sizable grey freighter.

"Are you the *Star of Hope*?" The Lorelei had no sweeter sound than that gruff but friendly English voice.

"Yes!" came the answer from thirty aching throats.

"We've been looking for you since your S O S came in. Too bad you lost touch with the other two lifeboats. They were picked up hours ago and are on their way to Canada now. But we are going the other way—back to Britain. Stand by there, will you?"

Vivian's heart seemed to miss a beat. "Did you hear?" she stammered at last. "Did you hear? We are going back! Oh, Phelan, here is our chance. We can do something now. Anything—anything at all, just so we can help!"

He looked down into her golden glowing eyes.

"I heard," he acknowledged. "And—well, thanks again, Mr. Hitler!"

he'd play with Teddy and try to listen to the news broadcast.

But tonight Phil was late. Mary scraped the cereal dish clean, gave Teddy his last mouthful, and said, "Big boy!" Then she drew the dish of apple sauce toward her. Phil was always there before Teddy had his fruit.

She looked at Teddy's pink, plump cheeks, at his thick little legs. Fourteen months. And when you were twelve months, darling, Papa took that little walk with Rose. And I sat telling Mark how you could say "Bu, bu" for button, also for bottle, also for bath.

Fourteen months ago, early in the morning, you kicked a warning that you were coming, and I got Phil up and he shaved while I walked round and round the house. I didn't want to start for the hospital. I was so sure you'd be a long time coming. And every time a pain came Phil held my hand, and between pains we laughed. It seemed so funny that it was happening to us; that you were actually coming. And Phil was so sweet, so worried, so altogether wonderful, that I was glad for the pains because it put that look in his eye. He held my hand. And twelve months after that he looked at Rose, he held her hand.

Oh, Phil, she thought—remembering Edna Millay's lines:

*I would have sworn, indeed I swore it:  
The hills may shift, the waters  
may decline,  
Winter may twist the stem from the  
twig that bore it,  
But never your love from me,  
your hand from mine.*



This is the Christmas for practical presents... beautifully fitting Kayser slips of rayon Frost Crepe. Really serviceable you know from their tags, which say each slip's Approved for Courtaulds "Quality-Control!"

Washes on You Here Sizes 32 to 44  
Tag is Double Folded Price \$2.95

### What does Courtaulds "Quality-Control" mean?

It means that samples of this rayon slip have been Check-tested and Approved by the Ontario Research Foundation for correct sizes, strength of seams, fine workmanship, colour fastness, washability and hot ironing.

Sold at these and other leading stores across Canada. If not available in your city, write for name of nearest store, to P.O. Box No. 148, Station "B", Montreal.

Charlottetown	-	Moore & McLeod Ltd.
Edmonton	-	Hudson's Bay Company
Edmonton	-	Thompson & Dynes Ltd.
Halifax	-	The I. Eaton Co. Ltd.
Hamilton	-	The Wood Bros. Co. Ltd.
Montreal	-	The I. Eaton Co. Ltd.
New Glasgow	-	Henry Morgan & Co. Ltd.
New Westminster	-	The Goodman Company
Niagara Falls	-	W. S. Collister Ltd.
Sault Ste. Marie	-	C. Wallace Co. Ltd.
Toronto	-	F. W. Daniel & Co. Ltd.
Truro	-	Mrs. Taylor's Woolshop
Windsor	-	Ellis Hosiery Shops Ltd.
Windsor	-	The Goodman Company
Windsor	-	Dartlet Macdonald & Gow Ltd.
Windsor	-	The Gotham Shop
Windsor	-	C. H. Smith Co. Ltd.

Courtaulds (Canada) Limited  
Producers of Rayon Yarns



## YOU CAN'T CLEAN FALSE TEETH

with inefficient, makeshift methods



### Dentists say PLAY SAFE—USE POLIDENT Cleans Without Brushing, Ends "Denture Breath"

In the tiny crevices of plates and bridges, food debris collects and decays. A tough, dingy, almost invisible film absorbs germs and impurities... gives teeth a discolored, more noticeably artificial look... causes that vile mouth odor, "Denture Breath."

Mouth washes, ordinary pastes or powders are not designed to clean and purify false teeth! Household cleansers can ruin your plate! No brush can reach the danger-spots!

That's why leading dentists everywhere recommend POLIDENT... the revolutionary cleanser that dissolves away all film, stain, tarnish, odor without brushing, acid or danger. POLIDENT purifies every tiny crevice, makes plates and bridges look better, feel better. Leaves breath sweeter, purer.

Tens of thousands call POLIDENT a blessing. Long-lasting can 40c all drug stores—money back if not delighted. Stafford-Miller (of Canada), Limited, Toronto

## POLIDENT

Cleans and Purifies Without Brushing

Do this daily: Add a little Polident powder to half a glass of water. Stir. Then put in plate or bridge for 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse—and it's ready to use.



## IT'S GRAND TO BE RELIEVED OF RHEUMATIC PAINS

Nobody can do their best, with rheumatic pains making life miserable. If all you suffer from rheumatic pains would try Kruschen for a while... what a difference it would make! Do you know that thousands... yes millions of people take dependable Kruschen for the relief of rheumatic pains and swear by it! You must keep your body free of poisonous waste, your blood of impurities. Probably you think you are "regular". Many "regular" people do not eliminate completely. The thing to do is to take your "little daily dose" of Kruschen Salts.

Kruschen contains—not one or two, but several highly refined mineral salts. Together these mineral salts make a mass attack on the cause of those ailments that keep you away from work and take the joy out of life.

So get a bottle of Kruschen—take just what you can put on a dime—every morning. Then you'll see what is meant by that priceless million-dollar Kruschen feeling. At drug stores, 25c and 75c.

IT'S THE LITTLE DAILY DOSE THAT DOES IT!

# KRUSCHEN



Milady? That's what is behind it all, Tudor. That's why I am running off to Canada at a time like this—looking more like Lady Oxleigh than Lady Oxleigh herself—in a stolen mink coat lined with a fortune in jewels...

"Likely he will be lucky," Olwen was saying. "Tudor was the lucky one, we used to say." She amended: "In everything but love, poor boy!"

The sob broke in Katherine's throat, then.

"I—" she stammered. "I—"

But she never finished.

A deafening roar! A blinding flash! Wood splintering—and human bodies tossed like corks into the screaming air.

Then the *Star of Hope* heeled slowly over—a gaping hole in her port side.

"VIVIAN!" PHELAN said. "Thank heaven I have found you. Are you all right?"

"Yes," she answered. "Just so I am not alone. That's all..."

"We may have to wait," he told her. "Some of the boats are smashed. And mothers and children must go first."

But he put his free arm close around her—and her fear was gone.

"Is she hurt?"

It was Katherine's unmistakable voice just ahead of them.

"Her head is cut but not deep." That was Olwen stooping over a whimpering Joan. "If I can only keep her warm," she said anxiously.

"Here—take this," Katherine was pulling off the mink coat. "It will cover her..."

"No, no—it is too good and you will freeze to death."

"Take it!" commanded Katherine. "It is well lined—feel, Mrs. Howell. It will keep her warm—forever! Remember that when you get to Canada..." She bent down suddenly and touched the older woman's face with her ice-cold lips. "Good-by!" she whispered. "I will remember you to your Tudor..."

Then she was gone. And her feet seemed scarcely to tread the boards, so light they were, so eager, in this race with love—and death...

The first boat, bumping precariously against the side of the fast-sinking ship, was lowered.

"Are we safe, Mama?" asked Joan faintly.

Olwen clasped the fur-clad bundle in her lap.

"Yes, cariad! We are safe," she soothed, as the lifeboat hit the water and made away from the doomed ship.

Olwen looked back, her dark eyes straining toward the *Star of Hope*.

"Well, then," she whispered—and it was like an echo from long ago—"it is their life, and there is nothing we can do about it..."

Vivian and Phelan stood waiting their turn. But it never came. Still submerged, its murderous thirst unslaked, the submarine came around to the starboard side and fired one last torpedo into the vitals of the crippled ship.

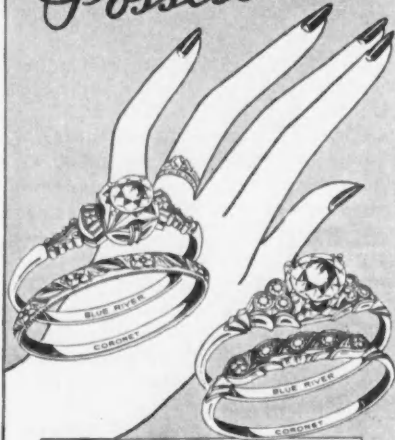
Lifeboats, half-loaded, were blown to pieces. People went hurtling into the sea. In her last flash of consciousness as she floated in the icy water, Vivian saw Phelan swimming to reach her.

When she awoke it was to a coldness that she could have believed was death, but for the searing pain in her side.

And then she remembered.

"Phelan!" she called—and he was there, leaning over her with an agony of thankfulness in his eyes. They looked at each other as though they could never have enough of looking.

## PRIDE OF Possession



Be proud of your wedding jewels. Choose a beautiful Blue River Diamond Ring—guaranteed perfect—with Coronet Wedding Ring to match. Many designs and prices.



## Keeps the hair Young.



## Essential to hair hygiene!

Keep the hair perfectly clean and you keep it healthy. With hair health comes lasting beauty and admiration. The hygienic qualities of Evan Williams Shampoo have contributed greatly to its world-wide popularity.



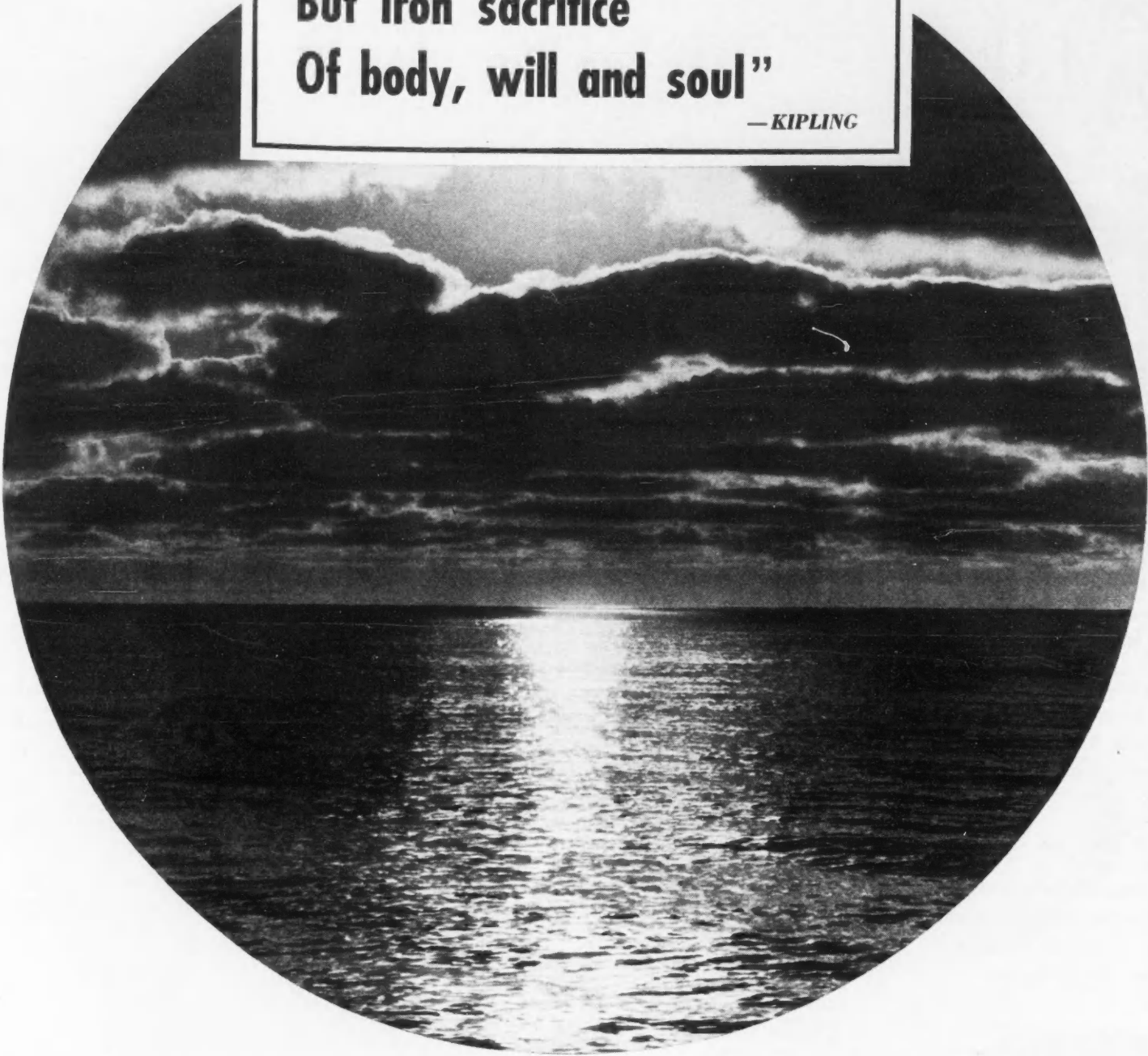
## EASE BURNING EYES



Murine soothes, cleanses and refreshes irritated, reddened membranes caused by head colds, driving, winds, movies, close work, late hours. Free dropper with each bottle. At all Drug Stores.

**"No easy hope - - -  
Shall bring us to our goal,  
But iron sacrifice  
Of body, will and soul"**

**—KIPLING**



● The goal we are struggling toward is a long way off. There will be no dawn of peace over this shattered, suffering world until all of us rouse ourselves to the task ahead, until every one of us accepts the necessity for "iron sacrifice".

All the dollars Canadians can spare are not yet in the fight. Some are spending less, but many are not.

Many have not yet faced the need for sacrifice—for self-denial.

Fighters and workers are bearing hardships—feeling the pinch of fatigue—even risking life itself.

But we who are only putting up our dollars are not putting up enough.

Ours is the softest job of all, and yet we are slacking on it.

And somehow, many of us are not ashamed.

How about you?

Think of this tonight, before you sleep.

***Sacrifice***  
**TO BUY  
MORE**

**WAR SAVINGS**

**CERTIFICATES**





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2. BEAUTY PRIMER — a novel Beauty Box in Book Cover containing 9 of Elizabeth Arden's essentials for loveliness. . . . \$6.50
3. CHRISTMAS STOCKING—in transparent box—with 1 dram Blue Grass Perfume . . . \$2.25; with 2 dram Sprinkler Blue Grass Perfume . . . \$4.00

4. GIFT BOX—containing Hand-O-Tonik, June Geranium Soap and Bath Mit . . . \$3.00
5. DUSTING POWDER AND JUNE GERANIUM SOAP — ribboned—in transparent box . . . \$2.25
6. BLUE GRASS PERFUME—Elizabeth Arden's most popular fragrance . . . Blue Grass Perfume in Horseshoe Box . . . \$6.60  
Blue Grass Horse in Satin-lined box . . . \$5.00  
Dram—\$1.50; \$3.15 (with sprinkler top); \$4.35; \$13.75; \$22.00; \$35.00  
At smartest shops in every town.

*Elizabeth Arden*

Teddy was in bed and she was still waiting for Phil's step on the porch, when the phone rang.

Mary picked up the receiver, said, "Yes?" and was surprised at the tired tone her voice used.

"Mary," Phil said, "I can't get home to dinner. I'm tied up. Sorry I couldn't let you know earlier. But I was—tied up."

Poor Phil, tied up.

"That's all right," she said. "It doesn't matter." You know on any other day you'd have been furious if he let you prepare dinner and didn't come to eat it. But how sweet you are now, Mary. You hypocrite.

She left the telephone and went out and turned off the gas under the pot roast. There was something final about that. Turn out the flame. And now it grows cold.

It grows cold and colder. She walked back and forth across the living room, turned on all the lamps, hunted up a sweater and put it on. But there was no warmth anywhere . . . Have they kissed, she wondered. Oh, you ninny, of course they've kissed.

But, Mary thought, if I had fallen in love, if the man had been someone I couldn't have lived without, I wouldn't have kissed him until I had told Phil. I wouldn't have let him know I loved him until I was out of Phil's house. Phil, I thought you were like that . . . Oh, you ninny; kisses don't mean anything—to anyone but you.

A step on the porch. She turned to the door. He had come home after all. Oh, Phil, she thought, say it isn't true. How could I have believed her. Of course it isn't true. Let me see that on your face.

But it wasn't Phil. The steps waited, the bell rang, and Mary went to the door. There was Mark Blanchard.

SOME PEOPLE, Mary thought, you have to learn to know again each time you meet them. There is the first moment each time when they are too effusive or too quiet, too warm or too cold; then, as you talk, the person you know and love emerges. But Mark was Mark the moment you laid eyes on him. A glance, and there was Mark, complete and solid. Everything you knew and everything you admired was there to meet your eye. So that always when her glance fell on him she could feel herself relax. No need to talk to get at him; no need to wait: there was Mark. And the words *Mark* and *friend* were synonyms. She had known him, how long? Ten years? And he was Phil's friend and hers.

As he stepped into the room, Mark said, "Rose phoned me she was having dinner with Phil. So I thought perhaps you'd feed me."

"You could do better at the poorest restaurant," Mary told him, "but if you don't mind a cold pot roast, you're welcome to it."

"Let's make sandwiches," Mark said, and followed her out to the kitchen. "Ted asleep?"

"What do you think that noise is? Ted rocks his bed like that for hours."

Mark went into Teddy's room, and while Mary buttered bread she could hear his voice. "Hi, there, son. You're wasting an awful lot of energy." And then Ted's squeals, as Mark lifted him and tossed him. "Now, back you go. And the idea's to sleep, see? Oh, no; not up on your knees, monkey. Head down, cover up to the chin, eyes shut. Now relax. And don't let me hear another sound out of you."

Then Mark came back into the kitchen. "See?" he said. "The magic touch. He'll be asleep in a minute."

From the bedroom came the sound of

Continued on page 49

*The Institute Suggests:*

## Christmas Favors



METHINKS THAT I shall never see anything smarter than these tricky little favors for your holiday table. They're as trim as soldiers on parade, as Christmasy as a jingle bell and as productive of "ohs" and "ahs" as the turkey itself. Economical decoration too, for they're made of inexpensive materials and you can eat them afterward.

To make the nigger brown ones, use:

- ½ Pound of milk chocolate
- ¼ Pound of unsweetened chocolate
- 3 Cupfuls of Krumbles

Melt the chocolate over hot (not boiling) water. Add the Krumbles and stir until well coated. Place a spoonful on a toothpick, flatten and shape with two knives into the form of a Christmas

tree, leaving one end of the toothpick protruding. Sprinkle with candy cake decorations or crushed peppermint stick candy. Cool until chocolate hardens, then set into a fat green gumdrop.

For the pale beauties you need:

- 20 Marshmallows
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- ¼ Package of Rice Krispies

Melt the marshmallows and butter in the top part of a double boiler. If desired, add vanilla and blend well. Put into a shallow buttered pan, pressing into a thin layer and decorate as desired. When cool, cut into tree shapes and fasten with toothpicks atop a red gumdrop.

Alternate the trees—Topsies and Little Evas—at each place and the conversation ball will start arolling. ■

## STREAMLINED PLEATS

A NEW BEAUTY IN ALL-ROUND PLEATED SKIRTS



HERE is the skirt which smart women have long wanted, a masterpiece of tailoring from Shakespeare's county, England. Knife-edged pleats, stitched into permanency and graduated to taper off into snug-fitting, single material over the hips, make the KONERAY slenderizing to any figure. And this skirt is made in a selection of fine quality British materials, including Scotch, Cumberland, and Donegal Tweeds, West of England Flannels, Authentic Tartans, Irish Linens, and Cream Serge. See your outfitter about a KONERAY without delay.

TRADE ENQUIRIES  
Please cable your enquiries to "Hack, London."

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C. STILLITZ,  
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**"KoneRay" ★**  
**PLEATED SKIRTS**  
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**ITCH** STOPPED QUICKLY  
Use **D.D.D.** Prescription  
Quick relief from itching of eczema, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles  
35c Bottle, at druggists proves it or money back

## The Hills May Shift

Continued from page 46

rocking, and Mark grinned and shrugged his shoulders. He opened the refrigerator, brought out a jar of pickles, and sat eating them while Mary made sandwiches.

For a moment there was silence, and Mary began to fear the word that would evoke the picture of Phil and Rose.

"Go and light the fire," she said, "while I make coffee."

Mary brought in the sandwiches, put a lump of sugar in her coffee, watched Mark dump half the pitcher of cream in his, and sat down on the floor by the fire. Looking into the flames, she thought, Will he say it, or shall I? For of course he came to talk about it.

Then Mark said: "Rose packed up this afternoon. She phoned a little while ago to say she was eating with Phil and then going to her mother's."

Mary didn't look at him. "She also said she had been over here this afternoon and had told you. She could have left that for Phil, but then she wouldn't, you know. He hadn't told you, had he?"

"No," Mary picked up a sandwich; looked at it wondering if she could eat it; decided she couldn't and put it down on her plate. "They're—planning to marry, are they?"

"According to Rose, they are." According to Rose . . . Phil, you can't marry her. I'm Mrs. Philip Grey. That's just one of the things I took for granted, that Mrs. Philip Grey was my name. But now when people say that they'll be speaking of Rose, I'll be Mary Knowles Grey. Mrs. Knowles Grey, I believe the fashion is. I never thought much about fashions for divorcees, but now they'll be my chief concern.

She looked at her wedding ring and thought: These things can come off. They slip off just as easily as on . . . But mine won't come off. I refuse to take it off.

She turned to Mark. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I don't plan to do anything," Mark said, and helped himself to another sandwich.

"Well, I'm going to do something!" "Atta girl!" Mark said, and added wryly, "But just what?"

"That's it. What?" Mary looked at the fire, feeling the brief flare of decision slide off her shoulders, leaving her limp. Of course there was nothing to do. Except get out. With as little wailing as possible. And then, suddenly, determination was back in her and she turned to Mark. "How can you just sit there and let the woman you love go to Phil?"

"I've just sat here for five years," Mark said, "watching the woman I love with Phil."

FOR A MOMENT Mary's eyes stayed on Mark's, but the implication of his words was something she couldn't face. She turned her gaze quickly back to the fire.

"Didn't you ever suspect that I loved you?" Mark asked. And when she didn't answer he went on, in a flatter tone, "I thought it might help to tell you now, but it doesn't, does it? It was the wrong thing to say and the wrong time to say it. There'll never be the right time to say that, will there?"

Mary didn't answer. "I've spent a lot of time," Mark said, "imagining various times and places



*Thrill her with... RING!*  
**THE PERFECT GIFT**

For the hand you wish to honour . . . for the most significant gift you will ever give . . . choose a Bridal Wreath diamond ring and know that it will always be cherished. Remember that the Bridal Wreath reputation is based on the only 4-point guarantee of perfect coloring, cutting, brilliance and flawless quality. She will thrill to such complete perfection in the perfect gift!

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REGISTERED ■ INSURED ■ GUARANTEED

JUST 4 OF MANY LOVELY DESIGNS AT YOUR JEWELLER'S ASK FOR BRIDE'S BOOK.



**5 Features make Circle-Bar Hose**  
**The No.1 Gift for Men**

For the men on your gift list, choose smart, fashion-right Circle-Bar Hose . . . the Hose with not just one or two but FIVE important features that guarantee smartness and long wear: 1—Tapering Toe. 2—Four-Ply Heel. 3—Double Sole. 4—Elastic Top. 5—Narrowed Ankle. So, to be sure you get ALL FIVE, be sure to ask for Circle-Bar. And, of course, Circle-Bar offers a selection of the newest patterns to suit every occasion. All smart shops feature Circle-Bar Hosiery.

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"Miles of wear in every Pair"



## Thrilling new lure for Lips



Stays Put  
for hours!

### "PATRIOT RED"

the most seductive red ever discovered by House of Louis Philippe.

Here's a real lipstick sensation — Louis Philippe Patriot Red 406 — gives your lips a brilliant exciting new lure you didn't dream possible.

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Patriot Red stays on enchantingly smooth for hours. Never smudges when you smoke or drink. Must be removed with cold cream.



Exclusively for you who demand "high quality" — for you who acclaim Louis Philippe the finest lipstick ever made.

Use Louis Philippe Rouge and Face Powder 406 for complete matched make-up. Demi-Deb size Rouge Compact now 60c.

*Louis Philippe*

## Toy-Buying Chart by Edwina Mumford

Numbers indicate the intensity of use. 1. Used somewhat—often in combination with other toys.  
2. Used fairly frequently. 3. Period of greatest usefulness. For age groups from 2 to 14 years.

	0-2 yrs.	2-3 yrs.	3-4 yrs.	4-5 yrs.	5-6 yrs.	6-8 yrs.	8-10 years	10-14 years
Stuffed Dolls and Animals.....	3	2	2	1	1	1		
Balls.....	1	2	2	3	3	3	3	3
Pull and Push Toys.....	3	2						
Floor Cubes.....	3	2	1	1				
Construction Blocks.....			3	3	2	1		
Housekeeping Toys.....		2	3	3	3	2	1	
Dolls to Dress.....		1	2	3	3	3	1	
Character Dolls.....						2	3	2
Wooden Trains.....		2	3	3	2			
Large Wooden Beads.....		3	3	2				
Painting Easels.....		2	3	3	3	1		
Blackboards.....	1	3	3	3	3	2		
Soldiers and Military Toys.....			1	2	3	3	3	2
Hammer and Nail Sets.....			1	2	3	1		
Soldier Suits.....		1	2	3	3	3	2	1
Telephones.....		3	3	3	2	1		
Doll Carriages & Furniture.....		2	3	3	3	3	1	
Wooden Construction Sets and Rubber Bricks.....			1	2	3	3	2	
Building Logs.....					2	3	2	1
Plasticine.....		2	3	3	3	2	1	
Tricycles.....		2	3	3	2	1		
Scooters.....				2	3	3		
Wagons.....	1	2	2	3	3	3	1	1
Cars to ride in.....		1	3	3	2			
Sleds.....		1	2	2	3	3	3	1
Kindergarten Sets.....		3	3	3	2			
Cut-out and Paint Books.....			1	2	3	3	2	1
Jigsaw Puzzles.....					2	3	3	3
Farm Sets.....				1	2	3	1	
Sewing Sets.....					2	3	3	2
Printing Sets.....				1	2	3	3	2
Paint Boxes.....					1	2	3	3
Board Games.....					1	2	3	3
Throwing Games.....				1	1	3	3	2
Weaving.....					1	2	3	3
Model Airplanes.....							2	3
Sewing Cards.....			2	3	3	1		

This chart does not pretend to prescribe for the needs of each individual child, but only to give a picture of what children in general like at specific ages. We have only listed categories of toys which, so far as we know now, will be readily obtainable on the Canadian market this Christmas.

This year your children will be having fun with Canadian and British toys, designed for durability and imaginative play. These toys, with those in full color on pages 6 and 7, are shown through the courtesy of the Robert Simpson Co. Ltd., Toronto.



SO  
SOFT

Yet  
TWICE AS STRONG  
as other tissues!  
CUSHIONED  
(3-PLY)  
**Face-Elle**

ASK FOR IT AT LEADING DRUG STORES AND DRUG COUNTERS

50% HEAVIER  
100% STRONGER  
100% CANADIAN

**BIG** 501 SHEET BOX  
Only **33¢**  
ACROSS CANADA

A PRODUCT OF  
NATIONAL CELLULOSE OF CANADA, LIMITED  
TORONTO, CANADA

### EXTRA DOLLARS... ...FOR YOUR TIME

Money may not always bring happiness but it certainly helps a lot. If you want extra dollars—for War Savings Certificates—or to pay current expenses, then write to us for full information of the Fidelity plan for earning extra dollars in spare time.

FIDELITY CIRCULATION COMPANY  
"Spare Time Department"  
210 Dundas Street W., Toronto, Ont.

### CATARRH-NOSE

If you have a Catarrh-Nose, blocked by Catarrh, Cold or other infection, get relief at once with famous British Remedy "NOSTROLINE." Ends misery of stuffiness, irritation, sniffing. "NOSTROLINE" clears head, opens breathing passages, stops discharge. Relieves Catarrh, Colds, Head Noises. Adults and children. 50c. all Druggists.

**'NOSTROLINE'**  
CLIFTON, BRISTOL, ENGLAND

### "WORN OUT" AND WORRIED



Dragging around each day, unable to do housework — cranky with the children — feeling miserable. Blaming it on "nerves" when the kidneys may be out of order. When kidneys fail the system clogs with impurities. Headaches—backache, frequently follow. Dodd's Kidney Pills

help clear the system, giving nature a chance to restore health and energy. Easy to take. 116M

**Dodd's Kidney Pills**

# Home for Christmas



## Snapshots never meant so much as now

CHRISTMAS 1941 will, for many, have a special meaning. As the family comes together on this happy day, every scene and episode will be more than ever important . . . precious things for snapshots to capture and keep, fresh as the day they happen.



The **timeliest gift of all** . . . A bright new Gift Package filled with Kodak Film—for every camera owner on your Christmas list. An inexpensive gift—yet bright and early Christmas morning it will go to work . . . and through the day, and all the holiday season, this generous reserve supply of film will be on hand to keep the snapshot record. Get your gift package of Kodak Film at your Kodak dealer's.

In Canada KODAK is the registered trade mark and sole property of Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario.

*Give a Kodak . . .*

*Give Kodak Film*

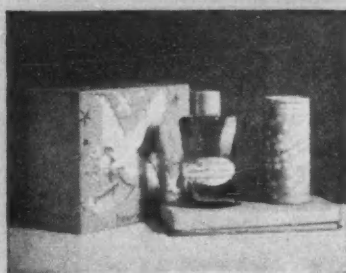
SEE THE LINE OF KODAKS AND BROWNIES AT YOUR KODAK DEALER'S



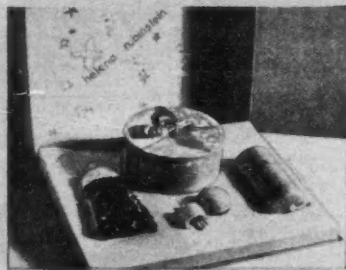


## Apple Blossom Heaven-Sent

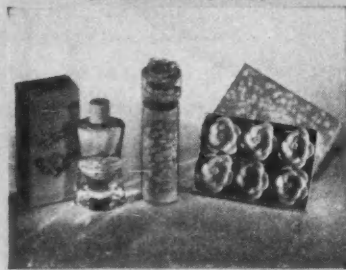
The universally beloved fragrance The sensational new fragrance



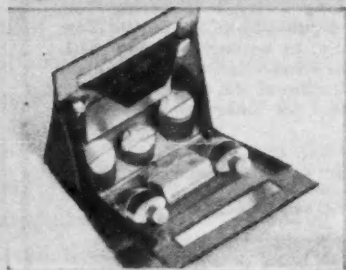
★ A Sweet Duet—Irrresistible Apple Blossom Cologne and Apple Blossom Body Powder.....2.00  
(In Heaven-Sent, 2.35)



★ Bath Luxury—With Apple Blossom Eau de Toilette and Atomizer; Apple Blossom Body Powder with Puff; and Apple Blossom Bath Soap.....5.00  
(In Heaven-Sent, 5.25)

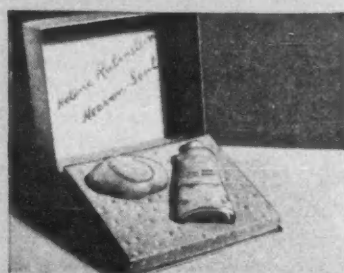


★ Sweeter than Sweet—Apple Blossom Cologne, 1.25; Apple Blossom Guest Soaps (6 in a box), 1.00. Dainty shaker of Apple Blossom Powder topped with Guest Soaps.....1.10



★ Travel Delight—Black lizard-grained travel kit containing eight beauty preparations including make-up.....8.95

★ YOU WILL BE THRILLED WITH THE *Apple Blossom and Heaven-Sent* GIFTS AT THE BEST DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES  
Salons: LONDON • SYDNEY • TORONTO • NEW YORK



★ Beautifying—Heaven-Sent Hand lotion and fragrant soap to match.....1.50  
(In Apple Blossom, 1.50)



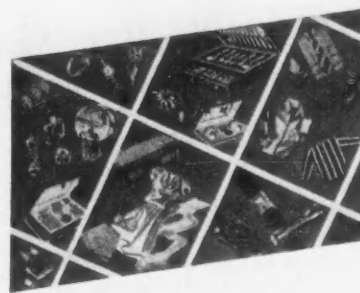
★ To Take Her Fancy—Heaven-Sent Cologne and Body Powder packaged in an enchanting pink and blue gift box.....1.75  
(In Apple Blossom scent, 1.50)



★ For a Lovely Lady—Heaven-Sent Cologne and Atomizer, Body Powder and Soap in gay Christmas box.....3.65  
(In Apple Blossom fragrance, 3.25)



★ De Luxe Gift Set—in a beautiful satin setting reveals Heaven-Sent Cologne; Atomizer; Body Powder; Bath Oil; Eau de Toilette; Hand Lotion; Soap.....8.95  
(In Apple Blossom, 7.95)



THE FESTIVAL Of Gifts shown on pages 10-11 was arranged in co-operation with the makers of these well-known products:

Reading down the illustration in panels, from top left corner—

### FOR HER

Diamond Rings—Bridal Wreath—Orange Blossom—Blue Bird—Blue River

Watches—Rolex

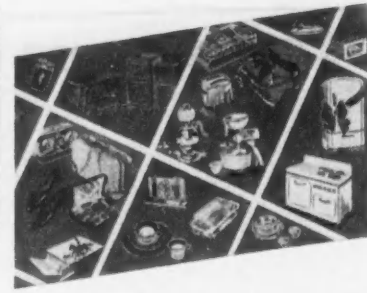
Stationery—Barber-Ellis

Beauty Preparations—For details of beauty gifts which every woman loves see page 52

Lingerie—Almonized Beautyskin—Stanfield's

### FOR HIM

Shirt Set—Arrow



Hosiery—Circle-Bar  
Windbreaker—Deacon  
Camera—Kodak  
Flashlight—Eveready  
Pen Set—Parker  
Lighter—Ronson  
Luggage—McBrine  
Dressing Case—Keystone  
Cigarettes—Sweet Caporals

### FOR THE HOME

Silver—Community—1847 Rogers  
Cedar Chest—Honderich Red Seal  
Coffee Table—Imperial Loyalist  
Towel Set—Caldwell Golden Thread  
Blankets—Kenwood—Esmond—Mossfield  
Radios & Electric Appliances—Westinghouse—General Electric Mixmaster—Silex—Frigidaire—Cory  
Ovenware—Pyrex

when I could say it. But this wasn't one of them." He stood up suddenly. "You're forgetting to cover your son," he said. Mary realized then that the rocking had stopped. "I'll go and save him from pneumonia."

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"Yeah." He came to the fire and sat down again on the floor. "I didn't feel I was cheating her when I married her. I knew she wasn't in love with me. She just wanted to get married and get out from under papa's thumb. I thought I could never have you and so— She was attractive; I liked her; she was lots of fun. But I knew she wasn't counting on its lasting."

"How did she find out?"

"Oh . . ." Mark looked at his hands. Then he picked up another sandwich. "Once upon a time," he said lightly, "I wrote a poem to you. We all have our silly moments, and mine created a sonnet. You see before you a one-poem poet. It wasn't bad either."

He bit into the sandwich, chewed it thoughtfully, said, "Well, she found it. I don't flatter myself that it broke her heart. But it struck her in the ego, which is the only place she's vulnerable. I think she decided then she'd show you."

"She isn't in love with Phil?"

"She could be."

The tears were down on her cheeks then, and Mark said, "Lord, I wish she hadn't told you."

Mary began to dig in both pockets of her sweater, and Mark handed her his handkerchief. Mary wiped her face, returned the handkerchief gravely and stood up.

"If you'll wait while I pack," she said, "I'll let you drive me to the station." "Better think it over," Mark said. "Thinking is the last thing I want to do."

She went into the bedroom, got out two large bags. Don't forget Teddy's duck, she thought. He can't go anywhere without his duck. There was a time when I couldn't go anywhere without Phil. But I'm growing up.

She threw her clothes into the bag . . . For two months, she thought, you let me put my arms around you when you wanted Rose. For that I hate you.

SHE COULD hear Mark walking about in the living room. She put her coat on; her hat; stuffed her gloves in her pockets and went in to dress Teddy. For a moment she stood by his crib, her hands gripping the railing . . . I can't bear it. I can't bear it, she thought . . . But of course you'll bear it. What else can you do?

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"What's the idea?" he said, looking at Mary now.

And Mary heard herself saying coldly, "It was your idea. You ought to be familiar with it. I'm leaving you."

"Wait a minute," Phil said.

Continued on page 52



# *Home for Christmas*



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*Give Kodak Film*

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# Gifts

by

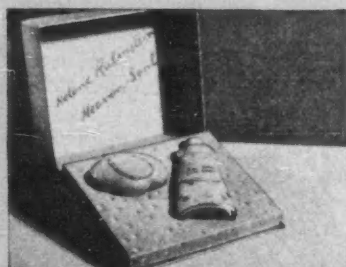
## Helena Rubinstein

**Apple Blossom** The universally beloved fragrance

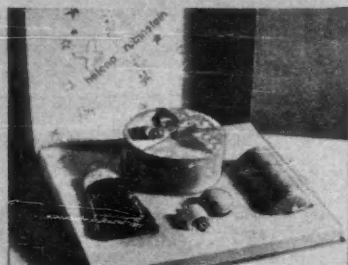
**Heaven-Sent** The sensational new fragrance



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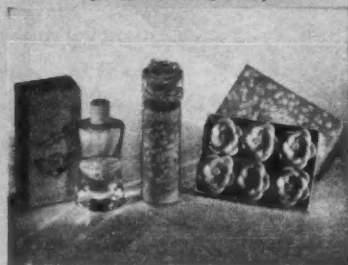
★ Beautifying—Heaven-Sent Hand lotion and fragrant soap to match.....1.50  
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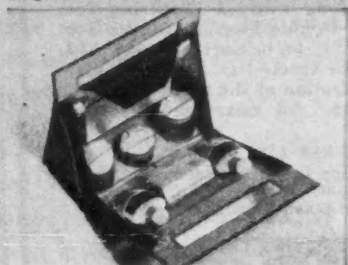
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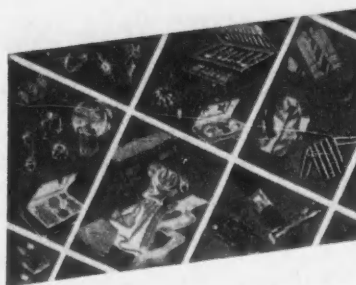


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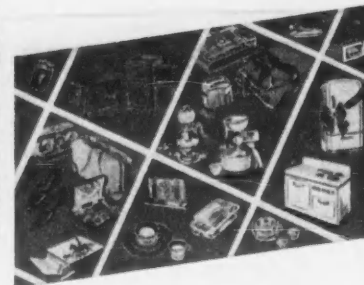
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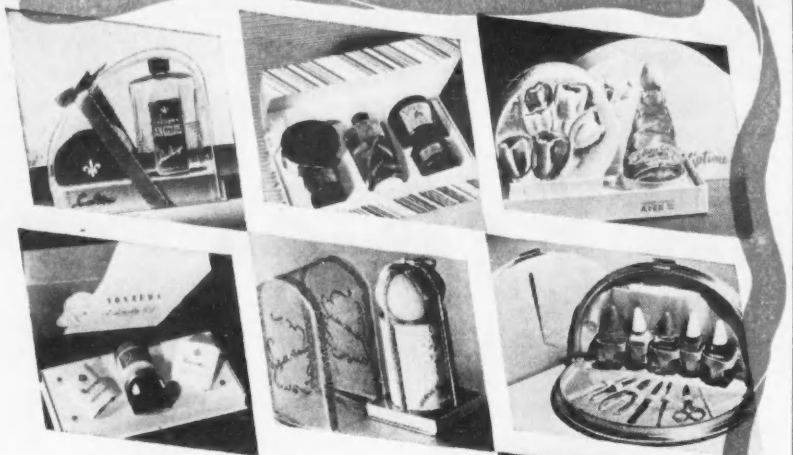
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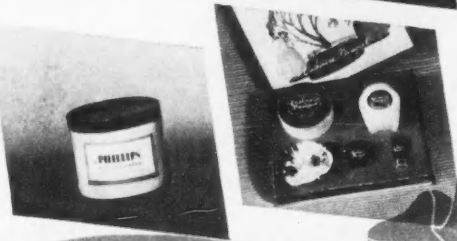
"Wait a minute," Phil said.

■ Continued on page 52

## Glamorous Camouflage" ★



There's nothing quite so flattering or welcome for a woman as a gift that subtly compliments her in complementing her beauty. Reading from top left-hand corner: Louis Philippe Set; Vita-Ray Gift Box; Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Tuliptime Set; a Noxzema Christmas package; Elizabeth Arden Soap and Bath Powder package; Peggy Sage Norfolk Set; Hind's Honey & Almond Cream; Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Cream; and one of the Cashmere Bouquet Sets. All are gifts for use as well as beauty.



face: she could see him in her son. She straightened the cap on the small dark head. "Do you know," she said, "he didn't even look at Teddy."

"He wasn't thinking of anything but losing you."

"He wasn't thinking of anything but losing Rose," Mary said. "How long does it take to get a divorce? You know quite a lot of people get divorces. I know any number of girls. There's a young woman in our block living alone with her two-year-old daughter. She works. I never see much of her. But I never thought about her—about her—"

"About her crying," Mark said, "as you know you're going to do."

"Do I look like a cry-baby? I'm too tough to cry."

"How would it be," Mark said, slowing the car, "if I turned around here and took you back?"

"No," Mary said. "No."

Teddy stirred in her arms, and Mary moved to let him stretch out. "After six weeks," she said, "I might feel like company. And then you could come to see me." She looked at his face that was set hard and still, eyes on the road. "Oh, Mark, if I ever want anyone else, it will be you."

Mark smiled. "It's that else in there that I don't like," he said. He took her hand; clasped it; dropped it.

It'll be easy, Mary thought. It'll be easy . . . But how could it end like this! I was so sure . . . And in her mind ran the lines:

*I would have sworn, indeed I swore it:  
The bills may shift, the waters may  
decline,*

*Winter may twist the stem from the  
twig that bore it,  
But never your love from—*

Why not: "Never my love from you." What right had I to expect what I am unwilling to give? I thought myself such a swell and loyal wife, and the first time anything was asked of me that wasn't easy, I ran. This is the only time you've asked anything of me, and I—Yours was infidelity of one kind, she thought; mine is just another brand.

YOU CAN turn around, Mark," she said. "I'm going back."

Mark said nothing, but at the corner he swept the car in a huge arc and headed back. The blocks went swiftly by, and she realized Mark was driving faster now going back than when he was taking her away from Phil. You knew, didn't you, she thought.

"I'm sorry, Mark."

"You needn't be. The thing that makes you go back is the thing I love in you. I couldn't complain about that, could I?"

He pulled the car neatly to the curb and jumped out to open the door for her. He reached for Teddy, but she said, "No, I'll carry him."

Through the window she could see Phil under the lamp, sitting as she had left him. Mark went by her up the walk, carrying the bags. He set them swiftly on the steps, and as he passed her on his way back to the car, he touched her arm. "Good luck," he said.

Mary held the baby close to her as she hurried up the steps to Phil. ❖



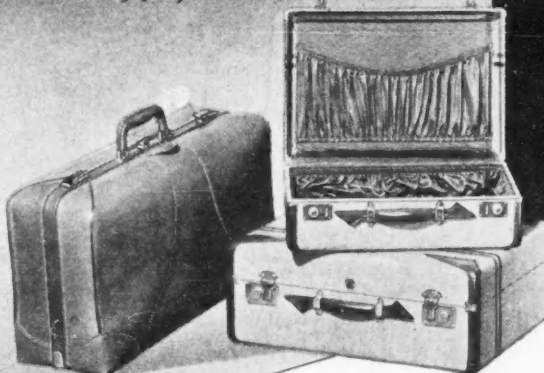
"Any loot, darling?"  
"Yes, thank goodness—lots of Sweet Caps."

**SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES**

*"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked."*



*Give*  
**M'BRINE**  
*THE Baggage WITH CHARACTER*



**THE "PRACTICAL" GIFT**  
*that can be proudly given!*

No more essentially useful gift than McBrine Baggage could be chosen for the Army, Navy or Air Force Officer . . . or for his wife . . . or for the man whose place in wartime industry requires business travel.

You'll be proud to give this famous baggage because the McBrine Trade Mark is accepted everywhere as the hall-mark of baggage quality. And with this quality of fine leathers and linings goes correct styling and crushless-packing utility!







**A brand you can Trust**  
...FOR QUALITY  
THAT NEVER VARIES!

DOWN THROUGH THE YEARS, "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly has been a favorite household remedy for cuts, burns, bruises and other minor ailments. Today the trade-mark "Vaseline" is known and trusted even more than ever before. There are two reasons for this continued prestige. (1) "Vaseline" Jelly is refined and purified by scientific methods, and is of highest, unvarying quality. (2) This matchless quality is available in handy jars at only 10c, 15c, and 25c, or in tubes at 25c.

When finest quality costs so little, can you risk getting any but the best? Be sure the trade-mark "Vaseline" is on the jar or tube you buy. Reliable druggists know and recommend "Vaseline" Jelly.

Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd.  
5520 Chabot Avenue, Montreal, Quebec.

● Ask your retailer to show you his assortment of medicated "Vaseline" preparations in handy tubes. These provide an inexpensive first-aid kit for the home or when travelling.



**Vaseline**  
TRADE MARK  
PETROLEUM JELLY



In the Festival of Gifts on pages 10 and 11, Norman Sampson versifies on the charm of gifts in beauty. Here are details for you. Reading from top left-hand corner: Lady Esther Gift Set; Cosmetic Travelling Set by Dubarry; one of the Beauty Sets for Ladies by Yardley; a Jergen's Christmas package; Woodbury Gift "for a lovely lady"; Helena Rubinstein Bath Set; Cutex Manicure Case; Campana's Italian Balm and a lipstick by Tangee.

Mark said in a low voice, "I'll go, Mary, and if you want me you can phone."

"No," Mary said. "Stay here. I have nothing to say to Phil I can't say with you here." She was glad Mark was there. Glad she wouldn't be able to cry out. Glad she would be able only to say calm hard things in a calm hard way.

"Sit down," Phil said. And he sat in the chair by the lamp. In the light he looked beaten, desperate. "Rose said she told you. She should have let me tell you."

Mark laid Teddy on the sofa. "I'll wait in the car," he said, and opening the door softly, he was gone. Mary sat on the arm of a chair. She felt hard and cold, looking at Phil. She was glad she wasn't going to cry.

"You had plenty of time to tell me," she said. "Two months."

"But I couldn't tell you. I was infatuated; I'll admit it. I was desperate. But I was fighting it. And I couldn't tell you. I couldn't hurt you. Don't you believe that?"

It was impossible not to see honesty in his direct gaze. "Yes," Mary said. "Yes, I understand that." But the ice in her didn't melt. She felt cold and distant.

Phil put his head in his hands. The light fell on his clipped black hair that had the texture of curly hair though it was too short to curl. Mary looked at his hair, at his hands. A stranger sat there wearing those things that were so familiar to her eye.

He looked up then. "She wanted to hurt you," he said. "She told you, to hurt you. That's what finished the

whole thing. That washed it up. There's nothing there at all now."

Maybe not, Mary thought; but for two months you let me put my arms around you when you wanted her. If I didn't love you, I might forgive you that.

She put on a glove. "It's all over," Phil said. "It's all over."

"Yes, it's all over," Mary said, and put on the other glove. She thought, it's killed him to know that Rose doesn't love him. To know that she was breaking up his marriage just to hurt me. He's come home for comfort.

She rose. "Good-by," she said.

Phil put his head back in his hands. "All right," he said, "if that's the way you feel about it."

He's going to let me go. He's going to let me go. With all of her running to him to comfort him, to hold him, she found herself lifting Teddy from the sofa, walking calmly to the door. Then she was out in the dark, holding Teddy close in the cold. This is all there is to it, she thought. You just go out and close the door and the world doesn't explode.

Mark opened the door and Mary got into the car. "I hope you know what you're doing," Mark said, as he started the motor.

"I know," Mary told him. She looked back at the house, and through the window she could see Phil sitting under the lamp with his head down.

The car rolled through the dark streets, a lamp throwing a sheet of light over them, leaving them to dark again. Mary looked down at Teddy. She didn't have to look at Phil to see his

# Your Home

The test of the home of the future will be its adequacy in providing for the life, labor and leisure of its occupants.

—EVAN PARRY.

## Middle-aged House Brought Up-to-date

*By the Man of the House and His Daughter*

**W**HAT IS needed today, in view of war demands, is less spectacular remodelling and more substantial, worth-while renovating of homes that are inconvenient, outmoded or drab.

The three rooms shown on this page are an example of remodelling in a home built about three decades ago. A better example could hardly be found.

The most interesting point about this remodelling job is the fact that it was done by the owner of the house, who is a busy executive, a man of affairs, engaged upon Red Cross and other wartime activities—a man who has very little time in his home. His assistant was his daughter, and the results achieved were satisfactory accomplishments of a hobby urge.

When the present owner bought the house, the master bedroom had one ugly alcove with two electric light wall brackets and a dresser. The first thing the new owner did was to build a false ceiling of plaster lath and install a light with reflector on the ceiling of the alcove. Next in order came the dressing table, built of white pine with simple but smart chromium handles and an ingenious fitting of mirrors. Thus a striking dressing table ensemble was accomplished in a remarkably simple and economical way.

Incidentally, there may be a snag here for an amateur, if he does not fix the mirrors on wood strips firmly secured to the wall.

The cupboard on the left of the alcove before being altered was used as a cupboard for the adjoining room. The door opening in the other room was closed with two-inch by four-inch scantlings, plaster board, and finished with wallpaper. No sign of a crack is visible. Of course it was necessary to match up the baseboard, but that was an easy matter.

The mirror in the cupboard was a centre panel mirror of an old-fashioned dressing table. The two side sections of the same dressing table were cut apart, repainted to match the rest of the furniture and now form bedside tables on either side of the twin beds.

Originally the room had heavy coving on the ceiling and a picture mold. These were taken down and the disturbed plaster patched, nail holes and cracks filled and the wall made smooth. Further, the heavy moldings over the doors were taken off.

The room, before the alteration, had a number of wall lights and no base plugs, whereas with only one or two side lights and many base plugs, the room is now lighted both for ornament and use.

A valuable pointer given by the owner is that drawers are a problem for the amateur carpenter. He discovered that to get the drawers to run freely, small angle bars for the drawers to run on should be installed. Further, he bought an old secondhand dresser for a couple of dollars and used the ■ Continued on page 57



Guest Room: Sketch shows how a blocked-out door and extended wall provided space for the built-in bed.



Master Bedroom: See how the ugly alcove has become the background for a glamorous dressing table.



Dining Room: Note how colorful wallpaper in place of wood trim has transformed a gloomy interior.

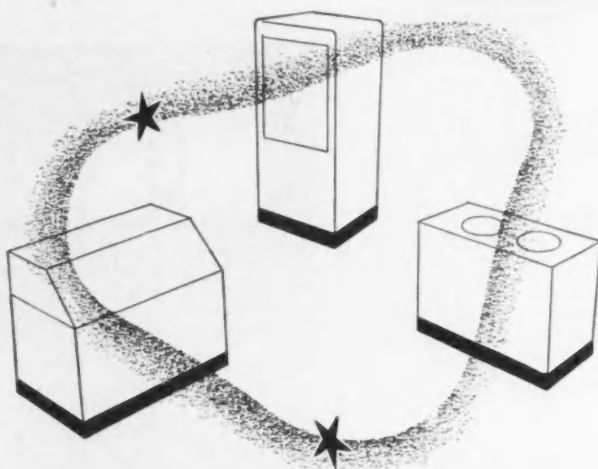


# WAR NEEDS MUST COME FIRST!

## A message from the makers of Frigidaire Electric Refrigeration

**W**E have found it necessary to curtail the manufacture of Frigidaire equipment because certain materials used in its construction are more urgently needed for war supplies. Also, there will be an increasing demand for electric refrigeration in army camps, canteens, and refrigeration of vital foods during transport to England. For these reasons, it will be impossible for us to supply new Frigidaire equipment to all who will want it this coming year.

May we suggest, therefore, that present owners of Frigidaire equipment refrain from replacing it with new equipment, but instead, have their present refrigerator checked over and put in A-1 condition. This can be done promptly and economically, now. The money you will save and the food you will save by doing so, will buy many War Savings Certificates for the benefit of Canada now, and yourself later.



### KEEP YOUR FRIGIDAIRE EQUIPMENT IN GOOD CONDITION

★★★ An electric refrigerator in good condition makes two savings that are *vital* in wartime! It saves food. It saves money.

Is *your* electric refrigerator saving food, saving money — just as it did when new?

If not, call your Frigidaire dealer. His factory-trained service man will check over your refrigerator and make any necessary adjustments or replacements quickly and at reasonable cost.

Remember—it's a patriotic duty to *save*. Be sure *your* refrigerator is saving its maximum.

## To Head Your Christmas List Of Worthwhile Gifts

### THE CORY GLASS COFFEE MAKER

Here's a gift so compact, lovely and useful that it will be an enduring symbol of your regard for any friend who receives it.

The Cory Glass Coffee Maker is a masterpiece of modern designing... a coffee maker which produces the finest flavoured and most wholesome coffee imaginable because **no metal can touch the coffee**. It is made of clear, heat-resisting Corning glass, hand decorated with genuine platinum striping and complete with matched accessories of polished black bakelite, hinged decanter cover and coffee measure. A choice of two filters is available: the Cory "Fast-flo" or Cory Glass Rod.

At Hardware and Department Stores.

EIGHT CUP MODEL

(with accessories)

\$4.95



Sole Distributors

PERCY HERMANT LIMITED  
HERMANT BLDG., TORONTO

## Girls...

GET "BABYKINS" FOR CHRISTMAS AT NO COST TO YOU!



A big, pink-skinned, dimpled "Babykins" that's as cute as a real baby—you will just love having one to dress and to put to bed. It is practically unbreakable, 17 inches tall, has eyes that close and movable head, arms and legs. Comes to you wrapped in Cellophane.

You can have this lovely doll without any cost to you. Send us Three one year new or renewal subscriptions to CHATELAINE at One Dollar each, and we will send "Babykins" to your home, postpaid. You may include one new or renewal subscription from your own home. The other two subscriptions cannot be paid for by any one in your own home or immediate family—They must be sold to others.

Just list the names and addresses on a plain sheet of paper showing the amount paid, and clearly print your own name and address. Send with your remittance of \$3.00 to:

"BABYKINS"—CHATELAINE  
481 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

## Middle-aged House

Continued from page 55

drawers, throwing the rest of it away.

The first time I entered the dining room of this home, I was struck with its atmosphere and taste. If you have seen the early Colonial houses in Williamsburg, Virginia, you will appreciate such an atmosphere.

The lady of the house assured me that although it had first looked a most difficult job to make the room over, actually, it had been very simple. First of all, the dark-stained upright wood strips on the walls were removed, then the plate rail, after which a plasterer made good the walls, the cost of which was not excessive. As is usual in such dining rooms there was a "piano window" whereon a mirror was fixed after the opening had been closed up with a two-inch by four-inch scantling and plasterboard. The fireplace and overmantel were no different to others of that period—very fussy—but our friends had no hesitation in taking the top off, painting the whole of the woodwork in light tone and papering the wall. When the owners papered this room five years ago, they wondered if they would tire of it, but the bright flowered paper still keeps it cheery night and day.

Temporarily, the fireplace was painted, tile included, in a roan color, but it is the intention to tear it out some day and build one of simple design in wood.

The buffet had a high mirror over it, which was taken off and a plain board fixed along the back and, with the assistance of a furniture repairer, the buffet was refinished with good results.

The lighting included a heavy old-fashioned brass fixture hanging from the ceiling. This was replaced with a crystal chandelier, and although it cost as much as all the rest of the lumber materials put together, it was worth it. So says the owner, and I agree. All wall brackets were removed.

### The Guest Room

The guest room is small, and when a double bed was placed in it there was little room left. So it was decided to build in two three-ft. 6-inch box beds in opposite corners. In the corner shown, the bed was wider than the length of wall, so a box was built at the head of the bed, about eight inches deep, which serves as a shelf for a lamp and also provides two small book nooks; a very ingenious arrangement. In the other corner the bed is on an outside wall, so to overcome winter chills a false wall to a height of eighteen inches above the level of the spring, consisting of wood studding covered with one-inch pine, was built.

After the beds had been fixed, it was found that the board forming the head of the bed shrank, expanded and cracked with the changing atmospheres and humidity of the house. Possibly this was due to use of the wrong material, because if plywood fibre or asbestos board had been used, this would not have happened. Leather upholstered heads for beds without footboards do not seem to crowd a room as much as high footboards or posters. The bed-heads in this room are cream textile leatherette to match the room. They were built by fixing a thin layer of padding material, then cutting the imitation leather to fit and tacked with a double row of tacks.

Any reader with ideas and initiative can take shabby or outmoded rooms and do likewise. ■

## There's no such thing as a "Warm" Blanket!

It's insulation that counts!

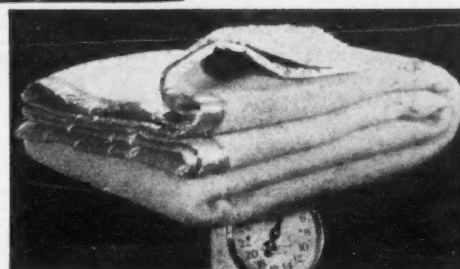
Blankets in themselves are not warm. They do not give off heat like hot water bottles. You give off the heat. Blankets merely retain it. They function as insulators to keep body heat in and cold air and draughts out.



Try sleeping under a rug if you think weight means warmth. No matter how heavy the rug you'll shiver if the mercury is low. A rug's nap does not contain the air cells.



Millions of tiny air cells enmeshed in nap fibres of Esmond blankets form an insulating air cushion that protects you against cold, keeps body temperature constant.



Blankets by the pound? No. You cannot weigh the heat-retaining quality of a blanket. The heavy blanket with no nap may wear well, but is not a good insulator.

## ESMOND uses the principle of fur warmth in blankets made the "Pelage" way

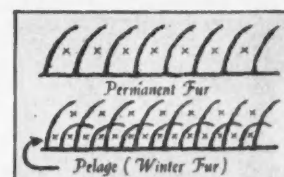
Many thousands of families in Canada enjoy better rest and greater comfort because the blankets they use are marked with the Esmond label. They benefit from the exclusive Pelage process which Esmond and only Esmond makes available.

The Esmond label on the blanket you buy is your assurance that it is a good blanket, well made from the very finest of raw materials.

We have prepared a booklet, "How to Buy Blankets—and How to Care for Them" which contains helpful suggestions to aid you in getting the best blanket value and in the care of your blankets. This booklet is absolutely free. Fill in and mail the coupon below.



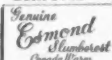
Nature enables animals to survive the cold winter by growing extra blankets on their backs—thick downy fur which keeps in body warmth. This extra coat is called "Pelage".



Esmond and only Esmond applies this Pelage principle to the making of blankets. Double Pelage nap provides millions of extra air cells—so an Esmond blanket keeps you warm without unnecessary weight.

## ESMOND Pelage Process BLANKETS

### ESMOND "CANADA WARM"



A beautiful Esmond blend of cotton and wool, with the appearance and properties of a fine pure wool blanket. In a variety of plain reversible shade combinations with 3" reversible rayon binding. Outstanding value, the price will surprise you. Ask your dealer to show it to you.

The Esmond Mills Limited,  
Granby, P.Q.

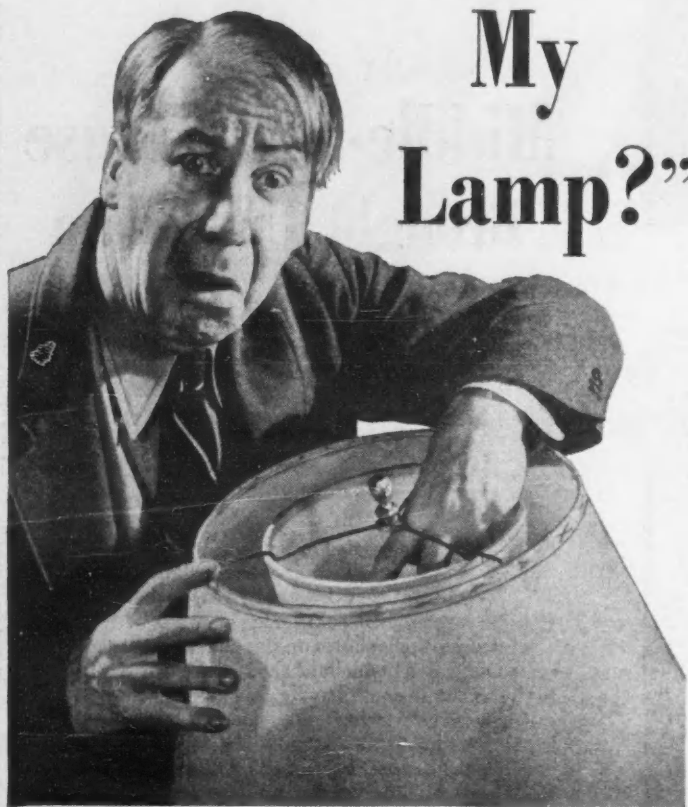
Please send me your free booklet entitled "How to Buy Blankets—and How to Care for Them".

Name.....  
Address.....  
CH2.....





# "Aw-w-Who Took My Lamp?"



## Always Keep a Carton Handy

**A**N empty light socket is a source of annoyance. Contribute to the comfort and convenience of the whole family by keeping all your light sockets filled with Edison Mazda Lamps. For reading and studying avoid eye strain by using 100-watt lamps—Light costs less than sight.

MADE IN CANADA

LM-441



# EDISON MAZDA Lamps

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.  
LIMITED



## New Uses for Christmas Cards

THE AESTHETIC Christmas cards by Canadian artists are far too good to throw on the scrap heap after their original purpose is fulfilled. 'Tis true, some of us send them up to the isolated districts in the North West Territories and elsewhere. Others send them to missions and children's hospitals. Nevertheless, there is often an overplus sufficient to decorate one's home in a pleasing manner without incurring great expense.

Many of the cards are of winter scenes, but there are others which depict spring, summer and fall scenes, all of which could be used as seasonal decoration in the home.

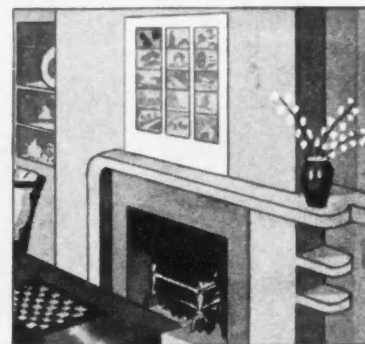
One might decorate daughter's room by fixing a strip of Christmas cards over the bed. These cards should be placed with one-quarter-inch space between and mounted on asbestos board, fibre-board or pressed wood and fixed to the wall with two, three or four clips, as the case may be. If a fluorescent light could be fixed under the strip, all to the good.

A folding screen, such as is found today in many bedrooms, could also be decorated, either on one side or both; four Christmas cards would be sufficient, affixed near the top, and stuck directly onto the screen with one-quarter-inch space between each card.

Another opportunity is afforded in

pressed wood, plywood or asbestos would do—painted the same color as the wall. Another place to put an interesting Christmas card is in the sewing room. The Christmas card should be mounted on a light cream or white mount and the frame of black paper, half-inch wide, fixed around the sides, top and bottom. The total size of the frame need not be more than twenty-four inches by fifteen inches.

Do you remember the folder of telescopic views which used to be brought out every Sunday night for the



Over the games room fireplace is a "natural" spot for a Christmas card mural.



Paste the children's cards in a telescopic folder, for their continual delight.

the games room, over the fireplace, by fixing a mural of three vertical strips of cards with no space between the cards. The vertical margins on the outside should be three inches wide, that at the bottom eight inches and 4 inches at the top. These strips could be made seasonal, so that you could have different strips for spring, summer, fall and winter. The cards in this case should be mounted on a board—

children to examine, study and, incidentally, to keep them quiet. What an opportunity is afforded by arranging such a folder with Christmas cards. The size of the folder need not be more than ten inches high and each leaf eight inches wide, and the cards could be mounted on thin cardboard. The outside of the folder could have a cut-out of Santa Claus or Scottie dog which would add considerable interest in the eyes of the children. Certainly here is something to keep the children out of mischief and at the same time to test their ingenuity in making it; the joints could be strapped with adhesive tape and the edges trimmed with black or any other colored paper quarter-inch wide. In making this folder, you should see that the cards are arranged somewhat in an irregular shape, as shown. ■



To prevent the outside wood steps of your home from rotting this winter, do not cover them with matting. Wood exposed to rain and snow rots quickly if covered with matting.

☆☆☆

To impart a good shine on tinware, slice an onion and rub it over the article. You will be surprised at the results.

☆☆☆

Fingermarks and other dirty spots on fibreboard finish of walls can be removed



with a stiff brush, or with a very light rubbing with No. 0 sandpaper, placed over a block.

☆☆☆

Soluble alkalis which cause efflorescence are destructive to oil paint film on brickwork and masonry. If you can't wait for weathering neutralization of the alkalis, wash the affected areas with a solution of two pounds of zinc sulphate in a gallon of water; after this has dried out thoroughly, paint may be applied with good results.

☆☆☆

Here is how to rid a house of silver fish, that curious little insect which always works in the dark. If the wall is papered, first of all remove the paper, then apply freely a half per cent

chloride and mercury solution, allowing it to run well behind the baseboards and moldings. Add some of this solution to the paste with which you are going to hang the new paper.

☆☆☆

Always remove efflorescence by vigorous wire brushing to assure a firm foundation for the priming coat of any paint work on masonry.

☆☆☆

If you do not wish to repaint the whole ceiling which is stained over a small area, first make sure the leak is stopped and that the plaster is dry; then coat the stained area with the white of an egg. When the surface is dry, you may retint or paint.

☆☆☆

If the oven door of your gas range has become brown on the outside, it can be cleaned off by rubbing with a paste made of scratchless scouring powder and a little kerosene. Wash off with soap and water. Be sure the oven is cold when doing this work.

☆☆☆

The tiniest of cracks or crevices between the ashpit base of the furnace and firepot section, or between the ashpit section and the floor will cause ash dust to seep through when grates are shaken. To avoid it, fill the crevices with iron cement and see that all the sheet metal ducts carrying the heat upstairs are tight at the joints.

☆☆☆

To muffle the sound of the coal stoker of your furnace, mount the legs of the stoker on cork or rubber cushions. The noise of the blower can be cut down by building a casing lined with a rough wool blanket around the fan housing. Be careful not to enclose the fan in the casing as it would cut off the air supply for the blower. ■

## Distinctive Christmas Cards



C870—Marie Le Cerf's Christmas card assortment. Twenty-two unusual cards, with matching envelopes of finest quality, are sent in attractive gift box. Price, \$1.00 postpaid. Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order.

# Give KENWOOD Floraltint for Christmas

**KENWOOD BLANKETS** have for many years been regarded as a prized gift—to give—or receive. Today a Kenwood is a more desirable gift than ever. The new Floraltints glow with the charm of nature's colors. In two tones of one shade they give wider scope in the creating of bedroom color harmonies. At once restful and gay, Kenwood Floraltints give just the right note of good taste and charm to the modern bedroom.

Naturally, the Kenwood Floraltints give Kenwood quality and reputation in full measure. Smart Style, cosy warmth and long life, make Kenwoods indeed, one of the wisest investments in home comfort and beauty.

*Briar Rose*

**KENWOOD**

Available in Six Different Two-Tone Color Combinations

LARKSPUR	HOLLYHOCK
YELLOW ASTER	ZINNIA
WILLOW GREEN	BRIAR ROSE

**WOOL PRODUCTS**

MADE IN CANADA  
**KENWOOD MILLS LIMITED**  
Amprior, Ont., Canada

Kenwood Blankets are sold only at better stores. Look for the Kenwood trade mark when buying.



EVERY COFFEE LOVER  
WILL WELCOME

*Genuine* **SILEX**



Coffee lovers want a Silex because it brews coffee that satisfies . . . delicious, full-flavored, sparklingly clear. Passes the Light Test (clear when held up to the light) because exclusive Spring Tension Filter locks out taste-spoiling grounds, muddy sediment. Remember, there's only one Genuine Glass Silex Coffee Maker. The name always appears on the glass. Pyrex glass used exclusively. Available in wide neck or narrow neck models.



SARATOGA 8-cup model illustrated, when used with Silex "Self-Timing" stove. Silex Kitchen models range from \$4.25 up. Silex "Self-Timing" stoves from \$4.05 up.

*Genuine* **SILEX**  
GLASS COFFEE MAKER

THE SILEX COMPANY LIMITED • ST. JOHNS, QUE.

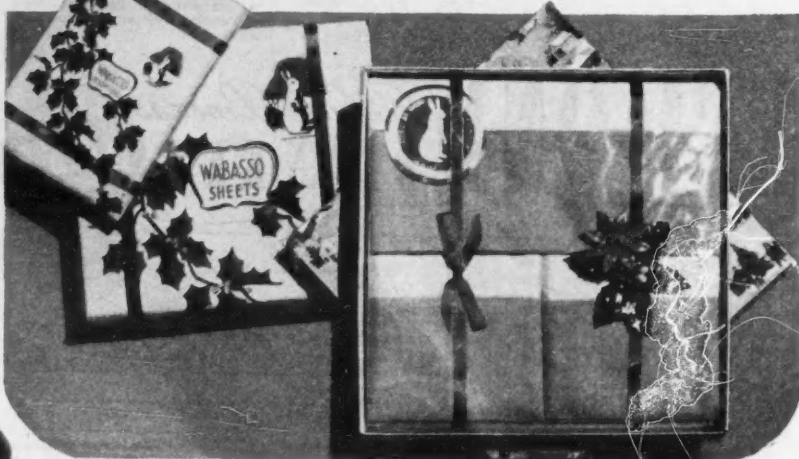
**WABASSO**

*Sheets, Pillow Cases and Sets  
in Christmas Packages*



• Just the gifts for a wartime Christmas; beautiful, useful and economical Wabasso sheets, pillow cases and sets appropriately gift-wrapped.

Six colours . . . Blue, Gold, Green, Rose, Mauve and Peach are used, and your store will show you different types of borders, inserts and hem-stitching. Ask for these lovely Wabasso Gift Packages when you shop.



## CHRISTMAS POINTERS for the Home



IF YOU WANT to prevent accidents and provide comfort this Christmas, fix carpet stair cushions or linoleum stair cushions on the staircase. These are new, slipping is eliminated, and a quiet and secure footing secured. A wide range of colors and patterns is available.

\*\*\*

You will be lucky if you don't have some white water stains on your hardwood floors this Christmas, but don't worry, they can easily be eradicated. First of all, rinse the spotted area with cold water, then rub it well with a cloth dipped in two cups of clear water with two tablespoonfuls of spirits of camphor, after which wipe the area dry and apply floor polish.



If you want a ping pong table to go on the dining table for Christmas, you can obtain one at most of the department or sporting goods stores. If not, you can make it yourself as follows: The dimensions are five feet by nine feet in two parts hinged together; the net comes along the line of the hinge. This top can be made of 3/4-inch fir plywood and can be had at a lumber yard, cut to the proper size; 3/4-inch half round molding should also be bought to finish the edges. The top can be painted with quick-drying enamel.

\*\*\*

In order to remove moisture from plaster, when the outside atmosphere is saturated with moisture, open all openings in your home and leave them so, to permit as great a volume of air as possible to pass through.



*Lustrous Beauty*  
FOR  
LOVELY  
SILVER

POLISH IT WITH-  
**"Goddard's"**

Your silver will "say nice things about you" when you maintain its lustrous beauty with famous "Goddard's" polishes. "Goddard's" reveals the natural beauty of precious silver without scratches or smears. It removes stubborn tarnish in a twinkling. Clean your silverware regularly with "Goddard's"

**"Goddard's"**  
Plate Powder or Liquid Polish  
IN BOXES IN TINS  
famous for 100 years

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers  
J. Goddard & Sons, Ltd., Leicester, England  
AGENTS  
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Mail this ad and two negatives for samples Artisto Snapshots in special Album form.

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613 Granville St.,  
Vancouver, Canada

Write for  
New Catalogue of  
**LINENS**  
and  
**REAL LACES**

*ONE Sweep ACROSS AND  
THERE'S YOUR Gloss*

SIMPLY USE CLOTH  
OR DUST MOP FOR  
LONG LASTING LUSTER

ODOR REFINED  
GOES FARTHER

*The New*  
**CHAN**  
FLOOR WAX

my papa, who was Officer  
nding in the Yelverton district,  
to celebrate the Queen's birth-  
th a field day, with all the local  
taking part. And that evening  
as to be a grand Military Ball at  
ell's Hotel. What a flutter  
the girls! What scouring of shops  
ouncing on dressmakers, what  
on and takings-off, what terrific  
and awful fears. What a time,  
You'd have thought it was to  
ld day for Cupid, with a lot of  
nonsense in the morning and  
on to fill up the time. Love and  
h, well. The whole town knew  
dozen engagements were to be  
ced at the ball; and everyone  
mine would be one of 'em, for  
had come to a pass between  
and James. They still sat  
r on our verandah, and were  
al to me and to my papa and  
a; but there was a little rasp in  
ngs they said to each other now.  
n the day came they assembled  
parade ground and marched  
e river road to Honus Schwartz's  
ich was the rifle range. I can see  
coats now, and the green coats,  
e smiling darky faces, and the  
stream of bayonets flickering up  
vn, and boys and dogs running in  
behind. There was a plank side-  
the end of River Street, and all  
y young things went scurrying  
ur heels going drum-drum-drum  
boards, hoops swaying and skirts  
g, anxious to get a good place up  
se Rock where we could watch  
oting.

target was set in an iron frame a  
d yards up the bog, with a piece  
plate behind to stop the bullets;  
e target tender sat behind a  
ork of rocks and watched where  
ets hit, and patched the target,  
alled back to the mound with a  
olored rag on a stick.

it got to be quite a bore, sitting  
e so far from the boys, with the  
fumes tickling your nose, and  
soon the officers' wives and  
ers began drifting down to the  
ound. Against orders, you know;  
n were very polite, those days,  
body wanted to order the ladies  
there I was, twirling my little  
and making out to be mighty  
ed in the shooting, and James  
side of me, and Charlie on the  
It was all very fine, they said;  
wouldn't have suited General  
or General Lee. And suddenly  
re in an argument, both very red  
ace, and people turning to look.  
liers stopped firing, and my papa  
pretty mad. But he didn't say  
g. Those two were his best  
-veterans of The War.

and your Yanks couldn't shoot  
apples!" Charlie was saying.  
y could shoot faster and straight-  
Johnny Reb any time. Who  
war anyway?" said James Rand.  
"I bet Charlie Carson. "I bet  
throw more lead at that target in  
onds than you, and hit it, too."

"Done!" snapped James, cool as ice.  
"And what's the stake?"

WHEN HE said that, there was a  
silence that sent a prickly up my back,  
and he and Charlie looked straight at  
me, and so did all the soldiers on the  
mound, and the officers' ladies and the  
rest, and the crowd on Moose Rock  
craning to see the fuss. I wished the  
ground would swallow me up. To those  
people, nodding and smiling, it seemed  
perfectly reasonable—two handsome  
young men shooting bullets over a bog  
for the hand of Lucy Pearce.

My papa said, rather coldly, "I think  
you'd better postpone this, Captain  
Rand. The Volunteer Company hasn't  
done its shooting yet."

But Captain Rand turned him off—  
oh, very politely—with a white twist of  
his lips, and I stood there with a face to  
match Charlie Rand's coat, and all the  
girls dying to be in my shoes.

But somehow I picked up my courage  
and my voice. "One moment," I said,  
and was surprised at the sound of it, so  
clear and cool it was, so different from  
the way I felt. "Let's get this straight,  
please. You, Charlie, are going to prove  
that the Army of Virginia could shoot  
more lead in sixty seconds than the  
Army of the Potomac?"

"Right!" said Charlie Carson.

"And you, James, are going to prove  
they couldn't?"

"Right!" said James Rand, and gave  
me that look of his.

"And both of you," I went on, "are  
going to prove that our militia can't  
shoot half as fast or straight as veterans  
of The War—like you—or the Fenians,  
say?"

"That's about it," they said.

"What about guns?" I asked. And  
they gave me such smiles, such superior  
man-smiles, the men do when they're  
quite sure a lady's talking through her  
bonnet.

"The Enfield," James explained very  
carefully, "with which our militia are  
equipped, was used by the North mostly,  
and by the South altogether, throughout  
The War. It's a fair test."

"Then," said I, with my chin up,  
"surely one of the militia or the volun-  
teers ought to be in the contest, if  
everything's to be proved."

"I wish you could have seen how they  
smiled at me, and to each other, and to  
the people around."

"Very well," Charlie Carson said, and  
James Rand gave a little bow and  
waved his hand toward the militia and  
volunteers, waiting their turn in the  
grass by the road, and the Rev'nd Bitts'  
Zouaves playing knucklebones on a bare  
patch behind Honus Schwartz's house. I  
ran my eye over them slowly, as if I  
couldn't make up my mind. Then I  
murmured, "I guess Kirby Stevens  
will do."

Kirby was squatting in the grass,  
talking to one of the sawmill men, and  
Charlie and James went over and  
explained. I saw Kirby jump up and  
get very red. He looked up toward the

Continued on next page



### Buy Christmas Seals

When you buy Christmas seals for your Christmas cards, you are doubling their effectiveness. For in addition to the greeting you send your friends, you are helping the thousands of tuberculosis patients in Canada who need your help, this year, more than ever.

# Christmas Cheers to Last Through the Years!

**To Avoid Disappointment SHOP EARLY!**

**Dial TO THE JOB YOU WANT DONE!**

## Sunbeam MIXMASTER

is the only electric food mixer with Automatic Mix-Finder. "Dial" to the scientifically correct speeds which bring cooking success. It is plainly printed: 1. For adding dry ingredients. 2. Mashing potatoes. 3. Mixing cookies and fruit cake. 4. Juicing citrus fruits, etc., including On and Off. These automatically controlled speeds give better results because they are the correct speeds that never vary as the batter thins out or thickens. You get smoother icings, creamy-fluff mashed potatoes, more juice from the same oranges, lighter higher cakes, popovers, etc., because of EVEN mixing and greater aeration.

Does all the tiring arm-work of cooking, baking, getting meals, etc.

What a gift... it beats everything!

## Sunbeam SILENT AUTOMATIC TOASTER

Current and red light turned on automatically when you put in one or two slices of bread. As soon as toast is done as ordered—light, medium or dark—the current shuts off, red light goes out. Toast is kept warm till wanted. Uniformly delicious toast no matter how many slices are made. No more burnt toast. The most perfect toasting toaster ever made. Rich, smartly-styled, distinctive beauty in chrome plate jet-black base and fittings.

## Sunbeam IRONMASTER

the best automatic iron ever made. The only iron with heat selector dial up in the handle, away from heat, always cool. Quick, steady heat made possible by Double-Thermostat Heat Control—an exclusive Sunbeam feature. Ironmaster not only heats fast but never overheats—gives correct heat right from the first plug-in.

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Until you have used IRONMASTER you have no idea how EASY ironing can be. Light weight—easily handled. Gets you through in less time, feeling fresher.

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## Give him the ONE he wants!

# Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER

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At all good dealers in Electrical Appliances. Guaranteed by FLEXIBLE SHAFT CO. LIMITED Factory and Office, TORONTO, CANADA





**BISCUITS**

READING

ENGLAND

## ALUMINUM in Peace and in War

Now, in war-time, Aluminum is of vital importance in the making of Airplanes, because of its extreme lightness, toughness and durability.

This being so, Government authorities have curtailed the manufacture of Aluminum for "Wear-Ever" Cooking Utensils.

When conditions are again normal, Aluminum will, as hitherto, play its important role in the manufacture of Utensils for domestic purposes.

And, in those happy days . . . "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Cooking Utensils will still be leaders on the Home Front!



# "Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Cooking Utensils

## Once Upon a Time

Continued from page 13

night, I remember, with the frogs whistling in the swamp by the river.

Long before we got to the Volunteers' hall we could hear the musket butts going *kerrrr-ump!* on the plank floor when they grounded arms. It was a little hall that had been a chapel one time, and if you wanted to watch, you had to stand just inside the door where you wouldn't be in the way.

The Volunteers' captain was a fat young man named Ream, and he nodded and waved to us; rather pleased you could see. The militia always drew the best crowd, because of their red coats, and there were so many more of them.

But somehow it was Kirby Stevens I noticed, perhaps because he'd been a beau of mine, 'way back when I was sixteen. Kirby wasn't very tall, but he carried himself very straight, and he had dark eyes and a gentle face. He stopped coming to our house after Charlie and James came home from The War. It vexed me, somehow—dropping out so quickly, I mean—and I used to give him a little lift of my chin when I noticed him at all.

Well, this night, I don't know what got into me, but when fat Harry Ream hollered, "Dismiss!" and the Volunteers began to pick up their stuff and go home, I walked over to Kirby and said, "Kirby Stevens, I haven't been seeing much of you lately." Poor Kirby went pink right up to his green shako. He gave a big swallow and blurted, "No." Just that. No follow-up. Nothing. Well, I wouldn't let him go. I must have been possessed, that night. I held him with my eyes—you can do that to a man, Miss Marian, when you're nineteen—and made him talk to me, asking him all kinds of questions about his uniform, and his gun, and how he got his cross-belts so white, till Arthur Drehber, who was the company quartermaster, came around to blow out the lights.

Kirby walked home with me, with his rifle slung to his shoulder by the strap, and his shako tucked under his arm, and the air off the river ruffling his hair when we crossed the bridge. When we came to the big elm—it's gone now, but it used to stand by the street, where the carriage drive came in—Kirby saw the two red spots glowing on the verandah, Charlie Carson's cigar, and James Rand's, and he said, "Good night, Lucy," and off he went, without so much as a by-your-leave. I flounced up the drive, I tell you, and made myself extremely nice to Charlie and James—but not one more than the other—till my papa came to the door and said, "You still up, Lucy, m'dear?" and I knew it was time for them to go.

THAT'S THE way it went for weeks. When I wanted to see Kirby Stevens, I had to drag Minnie Gaskell down to the Volunteers' hall and pretend to be enormously interested in their doings, and sometimes Kirby would see me home. Why did I go? Ah, that's what I asked myself. Why, indeed? Kirby Stevens hadn't half the easy manners of Charlie Carson; and he wasn't good-looking at all—and James Rand the handsomest man in Yelverton! And they were heroes, and what was Kirby Stevens? A clerk in Cattle's store! I couldn't understand it any more than you can, my dears, and sometimes I'd go and cry on my bed, because it didn't make any sense.

## DOES INDIGESTION WALLOP YOU BELOW THE BELT?

Help Your Forgotten "28" For The Kind Of Relief That Helps Make You Rarin' To Go

More than half of your digestion is done below the belt—in your 28 feet of bowels. So when indigestion strikes, try something that helps digestion in the stomach AND below the belt.

What you may need is Carter's Little Liver Pills to give needed help to that "forgotten 28 feet" of bowels.

Take one Carter's Little Liver Pill before and one after meals. Take them according to directions. They help wake up a larger flow of the 3 main digestive juices in your stomach AND bowels—help you digest what you have eaten in Nature's own way.

Then most folks get the kind of relief that makes you feel better from your head to your toes. Just be sure you get the genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills from your druggist—25¢.

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**Viyella**  
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Make your own skirt, suit, dress or sportswear

Plain frock or Tartan dress—It will tailor better and wear longer when it is made of Viyella—the soft, lightweight English Flannel.

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36 or 54 inches wide. At all leading stores or write Wm. Hollins, Ltd., 266 King St. W., Toronto.

Then my Commanding decided to e day with a troops taking there was to Campbell's among the g and pouncing tryings-on a hopes and indeed! Y be a field da military non afternoon to war. Ah, w that a doze announced a guessed min things had Charlie and together on beautiful to mamma; bu the things th

When the on the par along the riv bog, which w the red coat and the sm bright stre and down, a the dust beh walk to the we silly you along, our h on the board billowing, an on Moose R the shooting

The target hundred yar of iron plat and the ta breastwork c the bullets h and signalle bit of colore

Well, it go up there so powder fum pretty soon daughters b firing mound but men we and nobody off. So ther parasol and interested in on one side other. It w but it woul Grant, or G they were in in the face, The soldiers looked prett anything.

officers—vete "You and for sour appl "They cou er than Joh won the war "Bah!" sa I could thro sixty seconds





## The Night Before Christmas Late Supper

Lobster and Macaroni Salad  
Hot Bran Muffins or Crusty Brown Rolls  
Cranberry Salad  
Gherkins  
Macaroon Spice Cake  
Coffee

## Christmas Dinner

Fruit Cup (canned pears, diced apple, chopped green cherries and cranberry juice)  
Pastry Stars  
Roast Turkey or Chicken (plain, spiced or with all-bran or cheese additions) with Sausages or Sausage Patties  
Buttered Turnips  
Green Peas and Celery Piquante  
Creamy Mashed Potatoes  
Red Currant Jelly  
Raw Beet Salad  
Christmas Pudding with Hard Sauce (see page 67 for suggestions)  
or Pie  
Coffee  
Apple Punch

## and the Day after Christmas High Tea

Chicken or Turkey Shortcake  
Squash and Apple Casserole  
Tomato Jelly Molds  
Mock Parker House Rolls  
Mustard Pickle  
Celery Curls  
Pineapple Tipples  
Christmas Cake  
Tea  
Shortbreads  
Coffee

# Housekeeping...

A DEPARTMENT OF HOME MANAGEMENT

Conducted by Chatelaine Institute

HELEN G. CAMPBELL,  
Director

## For a Merry Christmas by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

IT'S A stirring time before Christmas, and the days right after are pretty nearly as busy. Some of the boys—and girls—are on leave, the young fry are home from school, the relatives are here on a visit, and we want to entertain for them.

The round of informal get-togethers may begin on Christmas Eve with a tree-trimming party and a supper along about midnight. There's a family dinner on the great day, a high tea tomorrow to start off a jolly evening, and various other parties throughout the holiday week.

Here are suggestions to help you solve three menu problems—and here are the recipes for some of the high spots in each meal.

### Lobster and Macaroni Salad

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of shredded or cubed lobster
- 1 Cupful of cooked macaroni shells
- 1 Cupful of canned or fresh-frozen green peas
- 2 Cupfuls of shredded lettuce
- ½ Cupful each of finely chopped onion, celery and green pepper
- ½ Cupful of mayonnaise
- ½ Cupful each of catsup and chili sauce
- Worcestershire sauce (about one teaspoonful)
- Salt to taste

Combine the fish, macaroni, green peas and shredded lettuce. Mix the remaining ingredients and blend with the first mixture. Serve in crisp lettuce cups and garnish with parsley. Eight servings.

### Raw Beet Salad

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 3 Cupfuls of grated raw beet
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of grated onion
- Salt and pepper
- Lemon juice or French dressing

Combine the raw beet and onion and season to taste with salt and pepper. Add enough lemon juice or French dressing to moisten slightly, and serve on salad greens. Six servings.

Continued on page 66





# Why they taste so extra good is our secret..



We're sorry, but we *can't* tell you what we do to those choice, top quality beans to make the tangy flavour of that rich, secret sauce actually *penetrate* every single one of them. We *can* tell you though, that if you haven't yet tasted savoury, delectable *Van Camp's* Pork and Beans, you just haven't any idea of the wealth of spicy tomato flavour in store for you, *no matter what brand of beans you usually buy!*

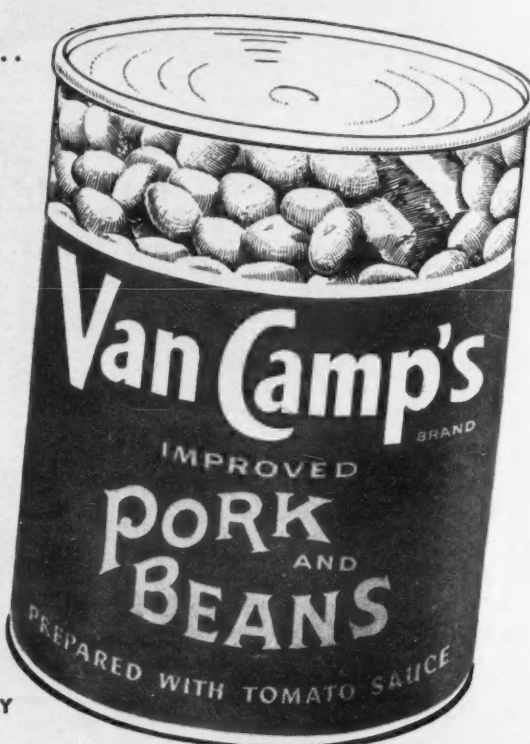
## TAKE 40 SECONDS to prove a point..

Just slice a cold Van Camp bean. See how consistently that rich golden brown sauce has penetrated every fibre... see, too, how firm yet tender the whole bean is. That's the result of our secret formula!

Cold or piping hot, Van Camp's Pork and Beans are a lip-smacking event. Try them for a distinctively delicious, yet economical meal, today!

Made in Canada at Essex, Ontario

BUY WAR SAVINGS  
CERTIFICATES REGULARLY



mound and saw me watching. Then he came, with his rifle slung on his back, and he looked in my eyes and gave me a queer little smile, and I gave him one back, just as queer.

James Rand stepped up to the firing point with a gun ready loaded, and Charlie Carson whistling "Just Before The Battle, Mother," through his teeth, and smiling.

"Time!" called Captain Fraser of the sawmill company, with his big gold watch in his hand. James fired, and the black smoke poured, and *tunk* went the plate behind the target. James dropped the butt to the ground, whipped out the ramrod, flipped a cartridge out of his pouch, bit off the end, spat out the paper, poured the powder down the muzzle, then the cartridge paper and bullet, gave it a quick ram with the rod, slipped another percussion-cap on the nub, cocked the hammer as he threw the gun up to his shoulder; and *bang* went the gun, and *tunk* went the plate, all before you could say, "Lucy Pearce is a flibbertigibbet."

My, he was fast, that man! The militia men stared, I tell you. When Captain Fraser called "Time" again, James Rand had hit that target six times and was halfway through loading again.

Then Charlie Carson stepped up—Charlie who drawled, and always moved so deliberately and gracefully. You'd have thought it was another man. He flung up the gun and fired, all in one motion, and down came the gun, and off came the cartridge top in his teeth, and in went the powder, the paper and bullet, on went the cap, back went the hammer, and up went the gun—*bang—tunk!*

You never saw anything like that in your born days. And such a look on his face. You'd have thought Charlie Carson was back at Cold Harbor, or Fredericksburg, or some other of those places he was always talking about. In sixty seconds he hit the target seven times and was just putting up the gun.

Poor James Rand! I'll never forget the look on his face. But he wrung a smile out of his lips, all tight and white as they were, and said quietly, "You win, Carson, and good luck to you and Lucy."

"Hold on," Kirby Stevens said. "I haven't shot yet."

Everybody'd forgotten Kirby.

"Right!" said Charlie Carson, and winked and smiled at me.

Kirby slung the gun off his back and went down on one knee. "Time!" called Captain Fraser, and *bang* went the gun. Everyone wondered why Kirby chose to shoot from the knee, for he'd have to stand up to reload. But he didn't stand up. He didn't touch the ramrod. He just put his thumb under a little thing that stuck out of the left side of the barrel, back near the hammer, and gave it a flip, and two inches of the top of the barrel flew open like the lid of a little trunk. Kirby slipped in a cartridge—yes, at the back of the gun!—no biting, no spitting, no bothering with a percussion cap—slipped the top shut again, pulled back the hammer, and *bang—tunk!*

At the end of sixty seconds everybody was exclaiming and laughing, and Kirby had hit the target nine times and missed it twice. He stood up, with his nice mouth set very hard, looking at James and Charlie, and I went over and slipped my hand through his arm.

"Kirby wins," I said.

Continued on page 71

## Two Christmas Recipes Worth Keeping

Praises galore have been heaped on these unique Christmas recipes. They produce a delicious Christmas pudding and poultry dressing which are so easily digested that you need never hesitate about a second helping. Their important ingredient is Dr. Jackson Meal. It guarantees a porous mix which absorbs digestive juices and permits them to do their wholesome work. Try these recipes just once and never again will you go back to the ordinary kind.



### Christmas Pudding

1½ lb. raisins	½ lb. currants
½ lb. dates	½ lb. almonds
½ lb. peel	½ lb. cherries
1 lb. brown sugar	4 eggs
1 cup grated raw potato	
1 cup grated raw carrot	
¾ lb. chopped suet	
4 cups Dr. Jackson Meal	
1 teaspoon allspice	
1 teaspoon cinnamon	
½ grated nutmeg	

Put fruit, nuts, carrot, potato into basin, dredge well with 1 cup Dr. Jackson Meal. Mix chopped suet with 3 cups of Dr. Jackson Meal and add to fruit, etc. Cream sugar and eggs together and add this to mixture. Butter pudding bowl and pack to within one inch of top. Cover with waxed paper and tie cloth over bowl. Put in hot steamer and steam for about 4 hours. This recipe does not require baking soda or baking powder although a little of either may be added if desired.



### Meat and Poultry Dressings

1½ cups Dr. Jackson Meal
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon sage or other preferred seasoning
2 tablespoons melted butter
4 tablespoons onion, chopped fine
1 egg
1½ cups milk

Soak Dr. Jackson Meal with 1 cup milk for a few hours, or overnight. Break egg in measuring cup and add ½ cup milk. Mix other ingredients, then stir in milk and egg. This makes a thin mix, but the granules of Dr. Jackson Meal will absorb the moisture during cooking and when ready the dressing will be just nicely moist. The quantities given are for a 5-lb. fowl—for larger fowl increase the quantities proportionately. The quantity of seasoning may be increased or reduced to suit individual taste.

# *The* LIGHT *still burns for* FREEDOM

*The women of Canada carry on!  
In the Auxiliary Services of our  
Navy, Army or Air Force.*

*In the great humanitarian move-  
ments -- the Red Cross . . . the  
War Relief Agencies.*

*In the factories and workshops  
where the tools of victory are  
being formed.*

*In the countless unseen, unsung  
tasks that make up woman's  
work in wartime.*

*In the absence of husbands,  
brothers, sweethearts, sons.*

*In answer to the urgent call to  
service and to saving.*

*The women of Canada carry on!  
Each does her part, meeting the  
challenge which confronts her*

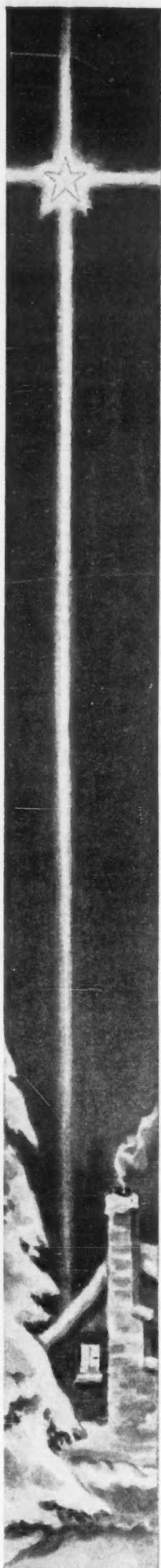
*. . . each by quiet devotion keeps  
bright the Light of Freedom in  
her heart*

*. . . knowing that, out of faith  
and sacrifice, Victory and peace  
shall come again.*

Westinghouse is proud of the  
opportunity to serve the women  
who are serving Canada . . . and is  
pledged to continue that service  
to the fullest extent consistent  
with the national economy  
and Canada's wartime efforts.

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# MEALS OF THE MONTH

## THIRTY-ONE MENUS FOR DECEMBER

BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
Cranberry Sauce Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee	Spaghetti and Tomatoes Brown Rolls Canned Raspberries Cake (left-over) Tea	Oven-cooked Beef with Oxtail Soup Salad of Mixed Greens Vanilla Blancmange with Jelly Coffee	Orange Juice Cereal Bran Muffins Grape Jelly Coffee	Hot Bologna Sandwich Lettuce Salad Canned Plums Raisin Bread Tea	Stuffed Tenderloin Mashed Potatoes Boston Cream Pie Coffee
2. Pineapple Juice Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee	Scotch Broth Head Lettuce Cottage Cheese Dressing Waffles Tea	Liver Hash Mashed Potatoes Buttered Beets Butterscotch Upside down Cake Coffee	18. Grapefruit Cereal Smoked Herring Toasted Rolls Coffee	Banana Fritters and Bacon Curls Brown Rolls Blancmange with Canned Plums (from Wednesday) Tea	Shoulder Lamb Chops Boiled Potatoes Creamed Celery Pineapple Ice Cream Cookies Coffee
3. Bananas Cereal Melba Toast Coffee	Cream of Pea Soup Waldorf Salad Sweet Rolls Tea	Roast Lamb Roll Potatoes Baked Squash Mint Sauce Apple Tapioca Coffee	19. Baked Prunes Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee	Cream of Onion Soup Raw Beet Salad Raisin Bread Peanut Butter Tea	Oven-fried Lake Trout Lemon Sections Riced Potatoes Canned Asparagus Apple Crisp Coffee
4. Tomato Juice Codfish Cakes Toasted Rolls Coffee	Creamed Asparagus on Toast Butter Tarts Tea	Curried Lamb Riced Potatoes String Beans Lemon Snow Coffee	20. Tomato Juice Fried Cornmeal Mush Toasted Rolls Coffee	Sliced Corned Beef Head Lettuce Sections Rice Pudding Maple Syrup Tea	Pot Roast of Beef Parsley Potatoes Carrots Whipped Lemon Jelly Butterscotch Rolls Coffee
5. Stewed Prunes Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee	Vegetable Chowder Soda Biscuits Vanilla Ice Cream Date Bread Tea	Haddock Croquettes French Fried Potatoes Carrots Baked Apples with Cream Coffee	21. (Sunday) Sliced Bananas Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee	Apple and Grape Salad Stuffed Celery Nut Bread Cream Puffs Tea	Tomato Bouillon Breaded Veal Cutlets Baked Potatoes Fried Eggplant Hot Mince Pie Coffee
6. Grapes Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee	Sausages Baked Potatoes Pickles Stewed Peas Cookies Tea	Chile Con Carne Buttered Rice Parsnips Baked Cranberry Pudding Coffee	22. Apple Juice Cereal Poached Egg Coffee	Individual Meat Pies Chinese Cabbage Salad Caramel Rennet Custard Nut Bread Tea	Salmon Loaf Scalloped Potatoes Baked Parsnips Roly-poly Lemon Sauce Coffee
7. (Sunday) Raw Apples French Toast with Syrup Coffee	Raw Beet and Celery Salad Hot Cheese and Tomato Biscuits Chocolate Cake Tea	Baked Cottage Roll Mashed Potatoes Peas Pineapple Bavarian Cream Coffee	23. Cereal with Dates Bacon Toasted Rolls Coffee	Cold Salmon Loaf with Lettuce Tartare Dressing Stewed Apricots Tea	Onion Soup Grilled Kidney Potatoes Fluffy Turnips Cranberry Pie Coffee
8. Cereal with Chopped Dates Bacon Toasted Rolls Coffee	Cream of Celery Soup Peach and Chopped Nut Salad Cheese Sticks Tea	Swiss Steak Boiled Potatoes Sauerkraut Deep Apple Pie Coffee	24. Orange Juice Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee	Spinach Soufflé Hot Pimiento Sauce Melba Toast Jellied Prunes Tea	Lamb Stew Dumplings Mint Jelly Creamed Potatoes Boiled Onions Gingerbread Marshmallow Sauce Coffee
9. Apple Juice Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee	Creamed Codfish on Toast Pumpkin Tarts Tea	Cold Cottage Roll (from Sunday) Potato Patties Spinach Rice and Raisin Pudding Coffee	25. (Christmas Day) Pineapple Juice Griddle Cakes Maple Syrup Coffee	Consommé Raw Vegetable Salad Cherry Bran Loaf Fruit Cake Tea	Cranberry Cocktail Roast Goose, Crab Apple Jelly Mashed Potato Fluff Creamed Cauliflower Carrot Pudding Spiced Hard Sauce Popcorn Balls Tea
10. Orange Sections Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee	Baked Stuffed Onions Grated Carrot and Apple Salad Chocolate Cornstarch Pudding Tea	Roast Beef Franconia Potatoes Mashed Buttered Turnips Ice Cream Coffee	26. Apples Cooked in Syrup Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee	Cream of Potato Soup Hearts of Lettuce Celery Dressing Chocolate Rennet Custard Tea	Steamed Finnan Haddie Boiled Rice Diced Beets Canned Peaches Shortbreads Coffee
11. Prunes with Lemon Milk Toast Scones Coffee	Cottage Cheese and Tomato Relish Sandwiches Apple Sauce Sponge Cake Tea	Mushroom Soup Shepherd's Pie Mashed Potatoes Canned Raspberries Gingersnaps Coffee	27. Tomato Juice Cereal Coffee	Cheese Fondue Hot Tea Biscuits Apple Sauce Tea	Pork Hocks and Sauerkraut Baked Potatoes Pumpkin Pie Coffee
12. Raspberry and Apple Juice Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee	Creamed Lima Beans and Pimiento on Toast Sponge Cake (from Thursday) with Whipped Cream and Jelly Tea	Baked Stuffed Whitefish Potato Puffs Green Beans Cocoanut Lemon Bread Pudding Coffee	28. (Sunday) Sausages and Pineapple Toasted Rolls Coffee	Assorted Sandwiches Celery Curls Vanilla Ice Cream Marble Cake Tea	Noodle Soup Cold Goose Mashed Potatoes Lima Beans Fruit Jelly with Whipped Cream Coffee
13. Baked Apple Cereal Raisin Muffins Coffee	Scalloped Fish with Onion and Peppers Crackers Tea	Casserole of Rice, Tomato and Wieners Peas Baked Squash Cup Cakes Butterscotch Sauce Coffee	29. Orange Halves Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee	Shredded Cabbage in Tomato Jelly Parker House Rolls Jam Tartlets Tea	Oxtail Soup Stuffed Tenderloin Browned Potatoes Baked Squash Tapioca Pudding with Jelly Coffee
14. (Sunday) Tomato Juice Buckwheat Pancakes Syrup Coffee	Scalloped Lobster and Noodles Sweet Gherkins Fruit Cup Spiced Raisins Tea	Roast Chicken Mashed Potatoes Celery Curls Pumpkin Tartlets Coffee	30. Raw Apples Cereal Cornmeal Muffins Syrup Coffee	Creamed Wieners on Toast Baked Peas Raisin Bread Tea	Baked Codfish Parsley Sauce Potatoes Harvard Beets Lemon Cream Pudding Macaroons Coffee
15. Sliced Bananas Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee	Chicken and Pineapple Salad Currant Jelly Roll Tea	Consommé Vegetable Plate (Brussels Sprouts, Potato Cones with Cheese Sauce, Diced Carrots) Apple Dumplings Lemon Sauce Coffee	31. Prunes with Lemon Codfish Cakes Toasted Rolls Coffee	Cream of Lentil Soup Salted Wafers Fruit Salad Cinnamon Toast Tea	Canadian Hot Pot Spinach Cranberry Shortcake Coffee
16. Cereal with Raisins Toasted Rolls Coffee	Vegetable Soup Bread Sticks Baked Bananas Lemon Sauce Tea	Pork and Beans Baked Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Cottage Pudding Whipped Cream Coffee			

### CHILE CON CARNE—

A southern dish with beans, highly spiced with chile powder and other seasonings.

### CRANBERRY COCKTAIL—

The juice from cooked cranberries strained and sweetened to taste.

CANADIAN HOT POT—Recipe in November Chatelaine.



Cranberry pie—a topper-offer that's hard to beat.

## Holiday Pies

by Edith S. Coombs and Florence Trebilcock

NO SOONER have we sent off our boxes to the boys overseas than we're into the pleasant fuss and flurry of preparing a happy holiday for the folks at home. Everybody's busy with lists to make out, gifts to buy, parcels to wrap, a tree to pick out, and a dozen and one other things to attend to.

It's the month before Christmas—high time to arrange the family reunion and to plan the year's most important dinner. A good old-fashioned menu is your best bet, so lead up—lightly—to the fowl, and taper off with something luscious by way of dessert.

Now pie as a topper-offer is hard to beat. It's a tradition in many families for mincemeat—dark, rich and fragrant between two flaky crusts, cranberry with a bright open face and tart refreshing flavor, pumpkin, brown and spicy, cherry, custard or some other favorite has graced our holiday tables from generation to generation.

It's as easy as pie to please your family with one of these, either as a Christmas dessert or any time all through the winter.

### Cranberry Pie

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

#### All-Bran Pastry

- ¼ Cupful of all-bran
- 1½ Cupfuls of flour
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- ½ Cupful of shortening
- Cold water (approximately 4 tablespoonfuls)

Roll the bran until fine, then combine with the sifted flour and salt. Cut in the shortening. Add the water gradually and carefully until the dough is moist enough to hold together. Roll on a lightly floured board to about one eighth of an inch thickness. Place the pastry loosely in a nine-inch pie tin, leaving about one-half inch of pastry extending over the rim. Fold the edge under and flute. Fill with cranberry filling:

- 2½ Cupfuls of cranberries
- 1½ Cupfuls of apples
- 1½ Cupfuls of sugar
- 3 Tablespoonfuls minute tapioca
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of water

Halve the cranberries. Peel and dice the apples. Combine and add the other ingredients and let stand for an hour or more, then put the filling into the pie

crust. Make a star-shaped paper pattern, lay it on the remaining pastry and cut out. Place the pastry star on top of the filling, then bake in a hot oven—425 deg. Fahr.—for fifty to sixty minutes.

### Mince Pie

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Pound of seeded raisins
- 1 Pound of currants
- ½ Pound of sultana raisins
- 1 Pound of apples
- ¼ Pound of suet, chopped
- 1½ Cupfuls of white sugar
- ½ Nutmeg, grated
- ¾ Teaspoonful of mixed pastry spices
- 2 Lemons, rind and juice

Chop the raisins, currants and apples. Add the mixed peel. Mix all the ingredients together and let stand at least a week to ripen and mellow. If a more moist mincemeat is desired, other fruit juices such as cherry, grape or raspberry may be added to the filling when making the pie.

Place this filling between two crusts of flaky pastry and bake in a hot oven—425 deg. Fahr.—for forty-five to fifty minutes.

### Apple Pie

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- ¼ Cupful of hot water
- 1 Egg yolk
- ¾ Cupful of honey
- ¾ Cupful of bread crumbs
- ¼ Cupful of flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- ¼ Teaspoonful of nutmeg
- ¼ Teaspoonful of ginger
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- Paper-thin slices of apples

Add the hot water to the honey, and pour the mixture over the beaten egg yolk, stirring to prevent lumps forming. Combine the crumbs, flour and spices, and rub in the butter with the tips of the fingers. Cover the bottom of an unbaked pie shell with a layer of thinly sliced apples, pour over them one half of the honey mixture and sprinkle with half of the crumb mixture. Cover with another layer of apples, the remainder of the honey and crumb mixtures, and bake in a hot oven—425 deg. Fahr.—until the edges of the crust brown, then reduce the heat to 325 deg. and cook for about twenty minutes. This is delicious served with whipped cream. ■

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**PYREX PERCOLATOR**... for the woman whose family loves good coffee! Use over flame. Watch coffee perk to the right strength. Tastes better and stays hotter in glass. 6-cup and 9-cup sizes.

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MADE IN CANADA

## For a Merry Christmas

Continued from page 63

### Cranberry Vegetable Salad

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Package of lemon jelly powder
- 1 Cupful of boiling water
- 1 Cupful of cold water
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- ¾ Cupful of cooked peas
- ¾ Cupful of cooked carrots, cut in strips, or grated raw carrots
- ¾ Cupful of celery, diced
- ¾ Cupful of raw cranberries, chopped

Dissolve the jelly powder in boiling water, add the cold water and salt and set in a cool place. When it begins to thicken, put into a mold with alternate layers of vegetables and cranberries. Chill until firm. Unmold and serve on salad greens. Six to eight servings.

### Macaroon Spice Cake

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- ¾ Cupful of shortening
- 2 Cupfuls of brown sugar
- 2 Egg yolks
- 1 Teaspoonful of soda
- 1¼ Cupfuls of sour milk
- 2½ Cupfuls of flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of baking powder
- ½ Teaspoonful of nutmeg
- ¾ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- 1 Teaspoonful of cloves
- 1 Teaspoonful of vanilla

Cream the shortening, add the sugar gradually and cream until smooth. Add the beaten egg yolks, and blend thoroughly. Dissolve the soda in the sour milk, then add alternately with the sifted dry ingredients to the first mixture. Add the vanilla. Pour the batter into a greased cake tin, nine inches square. Make a meringue of the following:

- 2 Egg whites
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Cupful of brown sugar, sifted
- ½ Cupful of chopped nuts

Beat the egg whites until stiff, then add the salt and sifted sugar and mix thoroughly. Fold in the chopped nuts. Spread the meringue lightly over the cake batter. Bake at 350 deg. Fahr. for forty to forty-five minutes.

### Marshmallow Fudge Balls

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Squares of unsweetened chocolate
- 12 Marshmallows, halved
- 1½ Cupfuls of condensed milk
- Chopped nuts

Melt the chocolate in the top part of a double boiler. Add the condensed milk, which has been slightly warmed, and stir until the mixture thickens—about five minutes. Dip the pieces of marshmallow into the chocolate mixture until well coated, roll in the chopped nut meats and place on waxed paper to cool.

### Pineapple Tipple

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Can of diced pineapple
- ¾ Cupful of granulated sugar
- 1 Cupful of boiling water
- 1 Package of lime jelly powder
- ½ Pint of whipping cream
- ½ Cupful of chopped nuts, if desired

Turn the pineapple into a saucepan (there should be 2 cupfuls of fruit and 1 cupful of juice). Add sugar and heat just to boiling point. Add the boiling water to the jelly powder and stir until thoroughly dissolved. Combine the two mixtures, let cool and when it begins to stiffen fold in the whipped cream and nuts. Eight servings. ■

## For HOLIDAY FIXINGS!



### MRS. KNOX'S CHRISTMAS STAR SALAD

(6 servings; uses ¼ pkg.)

- |                                 |   |
|---------------------------------|---|
| 1 envelope Knox Gelatine        | Stalk celery                                |
| ¼ cup cold water                | Few grains Cayenne or pepper                |
| 2 cups canned or fresh tomatoes | 1 tablespoonful mild vinegar or lemon juice |
| ½ bay leaf (if desired)         | 1 tablespoonful onion juice                 |
| ½ teaspoonful salt              |   |

Mix tomatoes, bay leaf, salt, celery, Cayenne or pepper. Boil 10 minutes. Soften gelatine in cold water. Add to hot mixture. Stir until dissolved. Add vinegar and onion juice (extracted by grating onion). Strain and pour into star-shaped mold that has been rinsed in cold water. Chill. When firm, unmold on lettuce. Put a small ball of cream cheese and a stuffed olive in the center of star and garnish with parsley. Serve with any preferred dressing. (The gelatine mixture may be poured to the depth of about one-half inch in a shallow pan that has been rinsed in cold water. Then, when firm, cut in stars, using a paper pattern and sharp knife.)

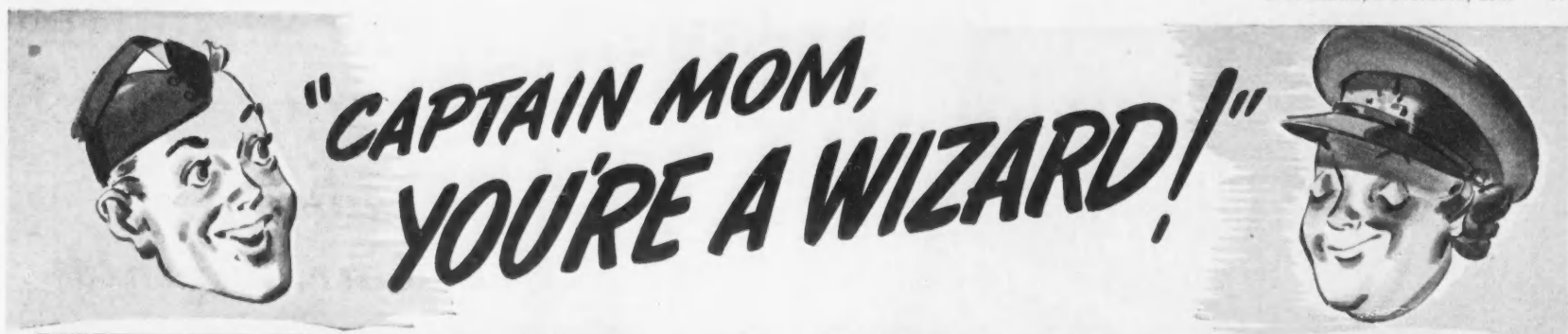
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## Christmas Greetings

To all good cooks a Merry Christmas. May the New Year be a healthy happy one for you and your family.

—Helen G. Campbell

### Recipes for...From Our House to Yours...page 14

#### Cracker Marshmallow Fudge

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Squares of bitter chocolate, shaved
- 1 Cupful of evaporated milk
- 2 Cupfuls of sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- 24 Marshmallows, cut in pieces
- 1 Teaspoonful of true vanilla
- 3 Cupfuls of graham crackers, rolled fine
- 1 Cupful of nut meats, chopped fine

Combine the chocolate and the milk in a saucepan and cook over low heat until the chocolate is melted. Add the sugar and the salt and stir until dissolved. Cook until the mixture reaches the soft ball stage—234 deg. Fahr. Remove from the heat and add the butter. Cool slightly, then add the marshmallows, vanilla, graham cracker crumbs and the nuts. Press into a well-greased, ten-inch by fourteen-inch pan. Chill and cut in squares.

#### Cranberry Cookies

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of shortening
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of sugar
- 1 Egg, well beaten
- 2 Cupfuls of flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of vanilla
- 1 Cupful of cranberry sauce, drained of juice

Cream the shortening and sugar together, until well blended. Add the egg, dry ingredients and vanilla, and mix thoroughly. Chill the dough. Roll out very thin and shape with a round cutter. Place one tablespoonful of cranberry sauce on half of the rounds, top the remaining rounds with the centres removed. Bake in a moderate oven—375 deg. Fahr.—for ten to fifteen minutes. Makes about two dozen cookies.

To make the cranberry sauce, boil three quarters of a cupful of sugar and one cupful of water together for five minutes. Add two cupfuls of cranberries and boil without stirring until all the skins pop open. Remove sauce from the heat and allow to cool.

#### Cherry And Apple Jelly

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of sour cherry juice (canned)
- 1 Cupful of apple juice (canned)
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
- 4 Cupfuls of sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Bottle of liquid pectin

Combine the cherry, apple, lemon juice and sugar. Mix well and bring to a boil over direct heat, stirring constantly. As soon as the mixture boils, add the liquid pectin, continuing to stir, and bring to a full rolling boil. Remove from the heat, skim and pour into hot sterilized glasses and seal. Makes about six, six-ounce glasses.

#### Christmas Pudding

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of grated carrot, raw
- 1 Cupful of grated potato, raw
- 1 Cupful of bread crumbs
- 1 Cupful of raisins
- 1 Cupful of currants
- 1 Cupful of brown sugar
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of finely ground suet
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonfuls of ground mixed spices (cinnamon, nutmeg, etc.)
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of baking soda
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of sour milk

Mix thoroughly all the ingredients as listed, sifting together the dry materials, and turn into a well-greased mold. Cover tightly and steam for three hours.

#### Spiced Australian Raisins

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- $1\frac{1}{2}$  Cupfuls of sugar
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of corn syrup
- 1 Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Teaspoonful of nutmeg
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of cloves
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of ginger
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  Cupfuls of raisins
- 1 Cupful of hot water

Boil the sugar, syrup, spices and hot water together to the soft ball stage. Add the raisins, and cook slowly for several minutes, stirring enough to separate the raisins. Drain and roll in granulated sugar. ■

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afternoon sleep. Leave him for twenty minutes. Then take him off, even though there has been no result. If he is wet five minutes later, take it calmly. If you are unruffled and quiet, you will make it easier for your child to learn. Needless to say, this is easier to say than to do.

When you have begun to get some results with this routine, introduce more periods and put him on his chair once an hour, by the clock—it is much more reliable than your memory. This usually seems surprisingly often, but it is necessary for a young child. It is a good idea to put him in drawers a little before he is fully trained. Pants mean growing up to a toddler and provide quite an incentive toward keeping dry. Also he can run around with much more freedom than is possible in diapers. Later on, when he is about two years old, you can lengthen the intervals to an hour and a half, provided the shorter intervals have already proved adequate.

## Once Upon a Time

Continued from page 61

"You're joking," snapped James Rand.

"Why, that thing's a breechloader!" Charlie Carson cried.

"Snider's Patent," Kirby said coolly. "The Volunteers got an advance lot last week. Next year the whole British army's to be fitted, they say."

"And let the Fenians come!" said I. "But," James said, giving me that look of his, "I'm afraid you don't understand, my dear. You see, we agreed it was to be an Enfield rifle."

"That's right," Charlie Carson said. "I don't know much about guns," I said softly, as if I'd never questioned Kirby Stevens about his rifle or anything that was his. "But that's an Enfield, isn't it?"

Kirby didn't say a word. He just held up his gun so they could see the "Enfield 1862" engraved on the lock plate. Snider's Patent, you see, was just a way of fixing an Enfield gun to load from the back instead of the front.

And while they were all standing there gaping at Kirby and me and the gun, I turned to him—to your great-grandfather Kirby Stevens, my dears—and put my arms around his neck.

"Oh, Kirby darling," I said, shameless. "I'm so glad it was you."

"AND THAT," Grea'-Gra'ma said, "is the very gun, up there on the wall."

"At's not a very good story," complained little Joe. "You started off all right, but you begun sayin' big words after a while. What's a percussin? Wasn't there any war?"

"No," Grea'-Gra'ma said, "there wasn't. Some of the Fenians crossed the border into Ontario, just to try things out, and the militia shot at 'em, and the Fenians went home. But it never came to a war, because our men were all ready to fight, with their red coats and their green coats, and their fine Enfield rifles. They won the war on their rifle ranges — on places like Honus Schwartz's bog."

"That's a funny place to win a war," snorted Huntley.

"That's the place to win wars," Grea'-Gra'ma said.

"It's a funny way to win a husband," pouted Marian.

"Ah!" said Grea'-Gra'ma, and put on her specs again. "That's what comes of mixing love and war. But all's fair in that, they say." ■



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GF291

## CHILD HEALTH CLINIC



EVERY BABY sucks his thumb some time or other, and you don't need to be particularly concerned about this. If you wish, you can buy aluminum mitts to tie on his hands. If you use these when he is five or six months old, and keep them on until he has forgotten the habit, you can cure him quickly. Then you need to provide him with suitable playthings. It is a good idea to tie a string across his carriage or play pen, and then to tie his rattles and dolls to it so that he can't throw them overboard. In the carriage, tie them on the right side, so as to encourage him to use his right hand. If your baby or young child is happily occupied, he will be much less apt to suck his thumb, bite his nails or carry on other such habits. However, you shouldn't keep him so busy that he gets too tired, because tiredness may increase his thumb-sucking. It is encouraging to learn that normal children rarely suck their thumbs beyond five or six years of age.

The nervous system of a new-born infant is not sufficiently well developed to allow one to train him in bowel control. When he is one month old, provided his movements are formed, you can start. By three months of age, his movements are nearly always sufficiently firm. You should begin by holding him on a small bowl or chamber immediately after his ten a.m. feeding or after his bath. Care must be taken to support his back. The taking of food stimulates the intestines or bowels to empty themselves, and therefore after meals is the commonest time for bowel movements. You may have noticed, however, that the child naturally has his movement at some other time of the day. If that is so, train him to have it at that time regularly. It does not matter at what hour it occurs, provided it is consistently at the same time. Possibly you will find that he regularly has two movements a day.

Soap stick suppositories will help you to establish a regular time for the movement. They should be made of

toilet soap and shaped like a small pencil. They should never be used for more than two weeks at a time, because if you use them for longer periods, the child may be unable to have a movement without their aid. If the infant objects strenuously to the suppositories, you would be wise to stop using them for two to three weeks. Then try again. Occasional children object to practically everything you do to them. If your youngster happens to be one of these chronic kickers, you would be justified in carrying on with the suppositories despite his objections. He will eventually accept them as inevitable.

This training business is always discouraging at times. When you think you have him completely trained, your child lets you down. Despite your discouragement, keep calm and certainly don't show any anger. When he is old enough to sit on a little chair himself, never leave him on it for more than twenty minutes. It is best to leave him alone in a room, so that he can concentrate on his internal feelings. Any encouragement or urging is apt to distract him. When your child gets a little older, you should explain to him that we need to eat food in order to grow, work, play, breathe and so on, and that most of the waste products of the body must be got rid of through the bowel and the bladder. This is a perfectly natural process, nothing of which we should be ashamed, but on the other hand, it isn't the kind of thing that we talk about in public.

Often when baby is sitting on his chair, he will empty his bladder also. This accustoms him to using the chair for this purpose. It isn't worth while trying to train baby in bladder control until he or she is running around, or is about fifteen months old. At about this time, too, he is beginning to talk, so when you put him on his chair, say, "Chair," or some such simple word. Begin by putting him on his chair as soon as he wakes up, before and after meals, and when he wakes after his

Christmas would not be Christmas without the children, and I wish you all the happiest one possible. During 1942 we all aim to be as useful and kind as we can.

—Elizabeth Chant Robertson.



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TRULY an authoritative guide, mentor and Friend to all Canadian Womanhood, Chatelaine is a fount of sound and helpful advice, on: **Beauty Culture** by acknowledged experts... **Fashions** (with Pattern Pictures) for every occasion... **Housekeeping** in all its phases... **Child Health** by Canada's leading child-physician... "Your Home" by an architect "who knows his stuff"...

**Handicrafts** to fill in spare moments usefully... There is **Exciting Fiction** by the leading writers of the day... **Current Events** interpreted from the Woman's viewpoint... **Dynamic Editorial Leadership** in all matters of importance to Women.

CANADIAN WOMEN (and their men) are definitely "aware" of Chatelaine; and no wonder: it is easily "Canada's Most Interesting Magazine for Women!"

### For Christmas — until Christmas again!

EACH MONTH throughout the year—from Christmas Until Christmas Again—Chatelaine will be a happy reminder of your Friendly thoughtfulness: as a Gift, it fills every requirement to the nth degree.

SPECIAL LOW RATES detailed on opposite page will permit you to add many Friends to your List, you might otherwise omit... Your own New or Renewal Subscription, as well as Gift Orders from members of your Family, may be included in any group.

USE THE ORDER FORM from bottom of opposite page (or the extra one to be found in another part of this Issue). **Payment need not be made until after the New Year;** (but if you do send payment with Order, we suggest it be by personal cheque, money order or postal note for safety).

THE LOVELY GIFT CARD described and pictured to the right, will be mailed to announce your Gift to your Friends as nearly as possible to Christmas Morning... OR we will forward the Cards to you for personal mailing or presentation, as you prefer.

GIFT ORDERS to Maclean's, Canadian Homes & Gardens and/or Mayfair may be combined with Chatelaine Gift Orders, as outlined on opposite page.

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a new welcome  
every month  
for a year!

"I am so proud we have such a grand Magazine for Women in Canada, as Chatelaine is."—Mrs. G.H.P., Nova Scotia.  
"I am indebted to Chatelaine for help on many occasions."—Mrs. J.C.M., Alberta.

WOMEN OF EVERY AGE  
ENJOY CHATELAINÉ

"I always look for your Special Articles and the Editorials—they go to the core of things."—Miss W.G., Manitoba.  
"I enjoy Chatelaine... It is steadily improving... Articles good... Beauty and Housekeeping excellent."—Mrs. R.K.J., Ontario.

Gives DYNAMIC LEADERSHIP  
in ALL WOMEN'S INTERESTS

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ATTRACTIVE GIFT CARD WILL  
ANNOUNCE YOUR GIFT

Your Friends to whom you say "Merry Christmas" with Chatelaine will receive this lovely and exclusive study of the City Buildings at Kingston, Ontario.

We especially commissioned the Artist to do this fine etching, in commemoration of the 100th Anniversary of the First Parliament of Canada (the United Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada) assembling there on June 13, 1841; and the establishment of Queen's University in the same year.

The Gift Card is produced by special process on heavy etching paper: 4 1/2" x 6 1/4", French-Fold—and will carry your Personal Greetings with your name signed in any manner you wish.



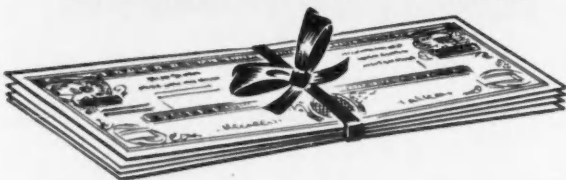
TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS WONDERFUL OFFER NOW...

# Gifts

## FOR A WARTIME CHRISTMAS



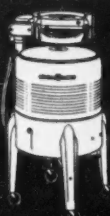
### WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES



Remember this Christmas that Canada needs all the money you can lend to provide ships, shells, tanks, planes and guns for our fighting forces. War Savings Certificates make great gifts. They will help to win the war and besides make a practical and acceptable present for every member of the family.

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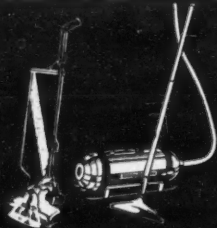
For women who want "extra" hours to help Canada's all-out drive for victory, G-E Appliances are gifts they will welcome to conserve their energy for this great task. G-E Appliances save time, money and effort. Your dealer has a variety of these gifts to meet your Christmas budget.



G-E WASHER



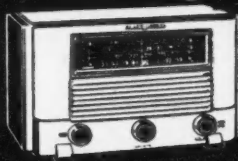
G-E HOTPOINT RANGE



G-E CLEANERS



G-E REFRIGERATOR



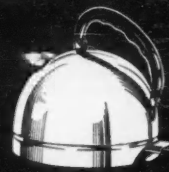
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G-E HOTPOINT IRON



G-E HOTPOINT COFFEE MAKER



G-E HOTPOINT KETTLE



G-E HOTPOINT TOASTER

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# Gifts the MOTORIST

will welcome!

## PRICED FROM 69c UP

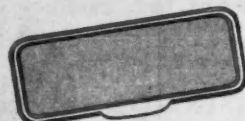
• This Christmas, give the motorist something novel yet practical — something that will add to his safety, comfort and convenience. Let General Motors Approved Accessories solve your gift problems at a range of prices that will keep you well within your budget. See all these items illustrated — and many others, at your nearest General Motors dealer's.



**AUTO RUG**—Warm, fine-looking rugs, ideal for winter driving. From \$3.60 up



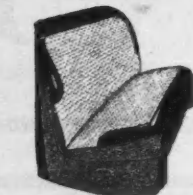
**FOG AND DRIVING LAMPS**—Various sizes and models. Priced from \$4.00 up.



**ANTI-GLARE MIRROR**—Reduces glare from headlamps behind the car—gives normal reflection in daytime driving. From \$2.95



**HEATERS**—Two models, the Master \$15.75; the De Luxe, complete with Defroster, \$28.95. Installations extra.



**GAS TANK LOCK CAP**—Prevents theft of gasoline—fits most cars—Price \$2.15.

**SEAT COVERS**—In fibre, from \$11.35 a set; in dust and water-proof plaid, from \$15.95



**EXHAUST EXTENSION**—conducts corroding gases away from paint and chrome. Fits any car. \$1.35.



**FIRST-AID KIT**—Contains everything for emergency treatment, snugly packed in sturdy tin container. Price \$2.25.

**MOTORCO BATTERIES**—These top-value heavy-duty units are sold in three grades—a model for every car and truck. \$7.60 up



**AUTOBRELLA**—Smart, handy umbrella of oiled silk, with tempered steel ribs, fastens to a sheath which fits in cowl pad. Price \$3.95.



**FLASHLIGHTS**—a useful accessory for every car. Priced as low as 69c



**DEFROSTER FAN**—defrosts in winter, cools in summer. Powerful motor, with 2-speed switch, 3-bladed fan. \$5.95

**AUTORADIOS**—Push-button tuning: 6-tube set, \$64.75; 7-tube set, \$82.50. Aerial and installation extra.



THESE AND MANY OTHER

## APPROVED ACCESSORIES

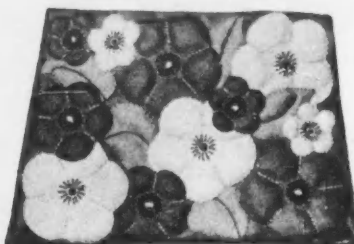
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## Christmas Gift Handicrafts

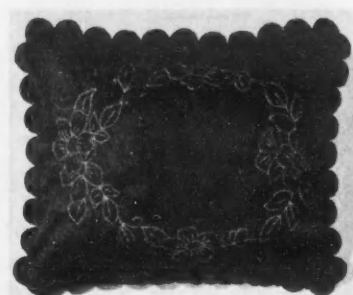
by Marie le Cerf

I'd love to wish you all a bountiful Christmas — with presents galore — but this year may you find happiness in simple things, joy in your friends and home, and contentment in blessings shared.

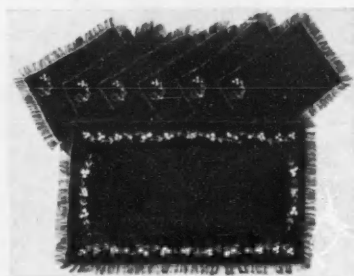
—MARIE LE CERF.



**C860**—A tea cozy for those who love gay and lovely things. In the new padded applique, in gold and cerise, on a background of soft sand art felt. This is the most stunning cozy you could imagine, and would make a gift supreme — or a wonderful addition to your Christmas table or tea wagon. About 9 x 13 inches, complete materials including lining, \$1.25. No form is necessary with this cozy.



**C865**—Something original and outstanding for your living room—an art felt cushion with pie-crust edge, quilted in colors. Stamped on black, wine or a soft sand shade. You will like this cushion — it seems just to fit in and be at home, immediately it is placed. Can also be supplied in taffeta silk, but with plain edges — in black, French rose, midnight blue or olive green. If preferred, quilting may be in self color — please be sure to state preference. About 16 x 20 inches, complete materials for art felt, \$1.35; for silk, \$1.50. A form can be supplied at 55 cents.



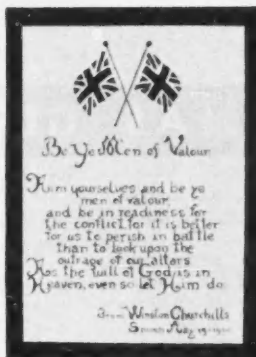
**C877**—Beverage set—stamped on bright red handkerchief linen, to be worked in snowberries. A Christmas decoration in itself — so lovely when guests drop in. We are also featuring this in the darker colored linens, so popular just now with the modern hostess — navy blue, brown or orange — berries to be worked in a bright contrast. Please state color of linen and berries. Edges may be fringed or hemstitched. Tray cloth about 13 x 20, with 6 serviettes 7 x 10 inches and cottons for working, \$1.00.



**C878**—Victory calendar for 1942. A handy little gift to slip in an envelope at Christmas or New Year's. Simple to work and very good looking, in red and blue on deep ecru linen. Complete materials, including calendar, 25 cents.

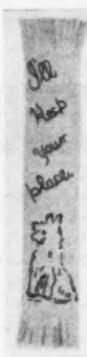


**C873**—Wishing-well string holder. A charming and useful little novelty for the kitchen—fits around a salt box or any other suitable tin. A hole is pierced, through which to run the string. In green, blue or red with cotton for working, 25 cents.



**C833**—The Winston Churchill sampler. This inspiring message from Prime Minister Winston Churchill's famous radio speech, is one that it is well to keep before us, and nothing could better typify this gallant man of valor, himself. Stamped on deep ecru Irish linen, 11 x 14 inches — 50 cents; cottons for working, 10 cents.

**C859**—Doggy bookmark. A casual gift that will always be appreciated. Worked in a few minutes and so handy to slip in an envelope. Stamped on fine red art felt, complete with cotton for working, 15 cents.



**C811**—A snappy little hostess apron — as useful as it is dainty. Stamped on Swiss organdie in white, peach or yellow, or on fine handkerchief linen in red, navy or brown. These darker colors are strictly modern, worked in a bright contrast. Please state color for apron and flowers. Complete with binding for edges in contrasting color — 50 cents; cottons for working, 10 cents.

Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. If sending cheque, add 15 cents for bank exchange. All prices include regular postage. Special postage must be added.



## BLESSED MOMENT... ALL YOUR OWN !

Shut the door on all the noise and bustle of the day... the children's chatter, the kitchen's clatter, your own thousand-and-one busy steps.

Run a warm full tub, slip off your clothes, step in and stretch out... *lazily*... letting the water ripple gently over all of you, throat to toes. Relax... and feel the long day's cares float clean away.

Make this moment all-your-own an extra-blessed one, with bland, caressing, gentle Palmolive. Smooth its quick, thick lather over face, throat, shoulders, all of you.

Your skin is cleansed swiftly, completely... and gently. For Palmolive is made with olive and palm oils—nature's finest beauty aids—*costliest oil* blend used for any leading soap. These vegetable oils (no animal fats)

are the only oils used in making Palmolive. And this is true of no other leading soap. Yet, for all its costliest oil blend, Palmolive costs you no more than the others. That is because Palmolive is the largest selling beauty soap in all the world.

So ask yourself, today, and answer truly... will anything less than Palmolive do for your all-over complexion?

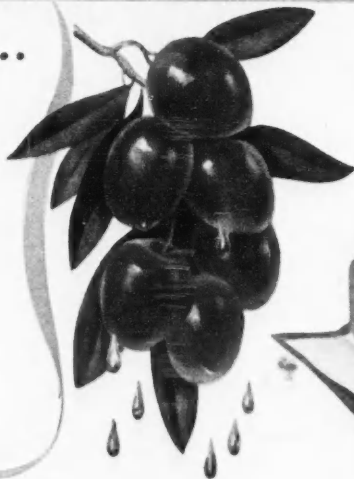
### MAKE IT EXTRA-BLESSED...

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BLEND USED FOR ANY LEADING SOAP



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PURE BICARBONATE OF SODA

## As an Editor Sees It

SO WE PAUSE, for the holy and symbolic festival of Christmas, set in the midst of this turbulent month.

This year, behind all the preparation for Christmas which women love, is an increasing consciousness of what it means to be part of the Empire's "all-out" war effort.

I saw one evidence of this in the recent conference of press women in Ottawa—called there by the Dominion Government, to sit in discussion with members of the Government departments, and study problems of the day as they affect women. Writers came from eight of the nine provinces, many of them travelling thousands of miles for the two-day sessions. They came because of women's anxiety to serve their country as effectively as possible; to ask the questions you are asking; to learn, firsthand, of war needs and how women can help to fill them. Many of the answers to the questions we asked will be appearing month by month in *Chatelaine*.

The Government seems to be realizing, at last, the work that women have been doing; and their potentialities for organized, effective service. They are calling for thousands more women in the army; in voluntary war work; in war industries.

Industry, too, recognizes this increasing tempo of women's effectiveness. Such a presentation, for instance, as that of General Motors of Canada on pages 18 and 19, is indicative of this new understanding. Here is a memorable tribute to our women, illustrated by *Chatelaine's* favorite artist, Jack Keay. Mr. Keay has been illustrating in nearly every issue of *Chatelaine* for the past ten years. In picturing the interests of women in fiction and articles through that period, he has achieved on these pages a noble symbolism to salute every woman who is taking her part in war work.

### Our Christmas Cover

The twins, their costumes and toys, the tree and its decorations, were assembled and photographed in co-operation with the Robert Simpson Co. Ltd., Toronto.



One of the questions I was asking in Ottawa was this: "Will Santa Claus walk this year? Rather, *should* he?"

Indeed, yes, I was told. But this year, the important thing is to buy wisely. The "useful" gift, which used to be decried, is now the symbol for a country keyed to war conditions. Buy for those you love, the things they need; and for those to whom you wish to bring happiness, gifts for daily use. Frivolous luxuries are not for this Christmas, 1941. But gifts that comfort—yes. Gifts that solve household problems—yes. Gifts that add to beauty—yes. And, of course, more than ever, we will give to those in need, and remember those who might otherwise be forgotten.

So now, for a little, we pause and concentrate on the Christmas ideal, and its dream for tomorrow.

This issue has been planned with it in mind. Throughout its pages you'll find memories of the old-fashioned Christmas—geared to 1941 conditions. Because we believe that this Christmas, many of us are going to look again on the simple verities of the ancient festival—and find in them, more faith, more hope, more love.

It is my Christmas wish for you all,

Byrne Hope Sanders.

# CHATELAINE

Vol. 14

No. 12

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